

The Collected books of

GENEALOGIES



Seth Kallen Deitch





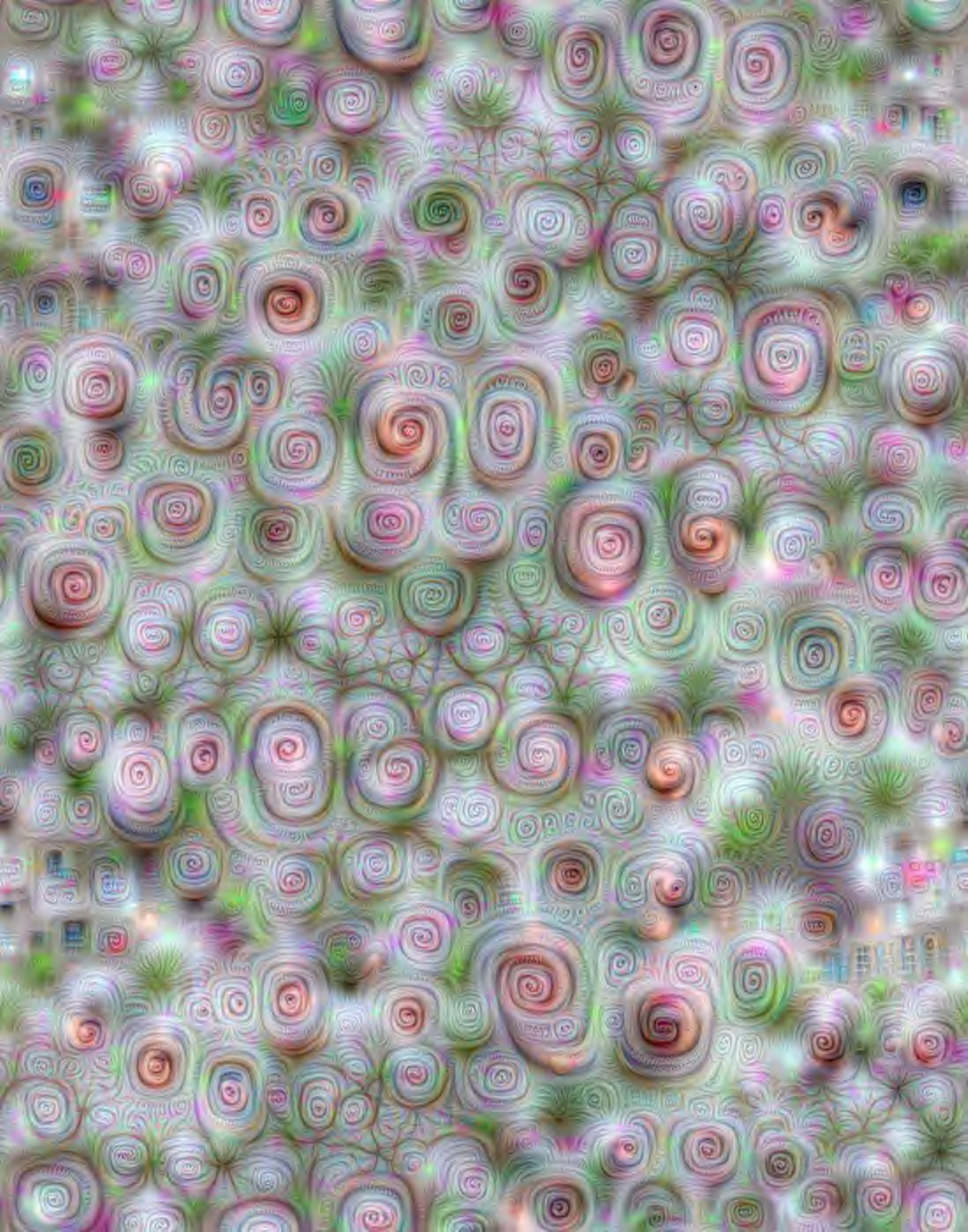


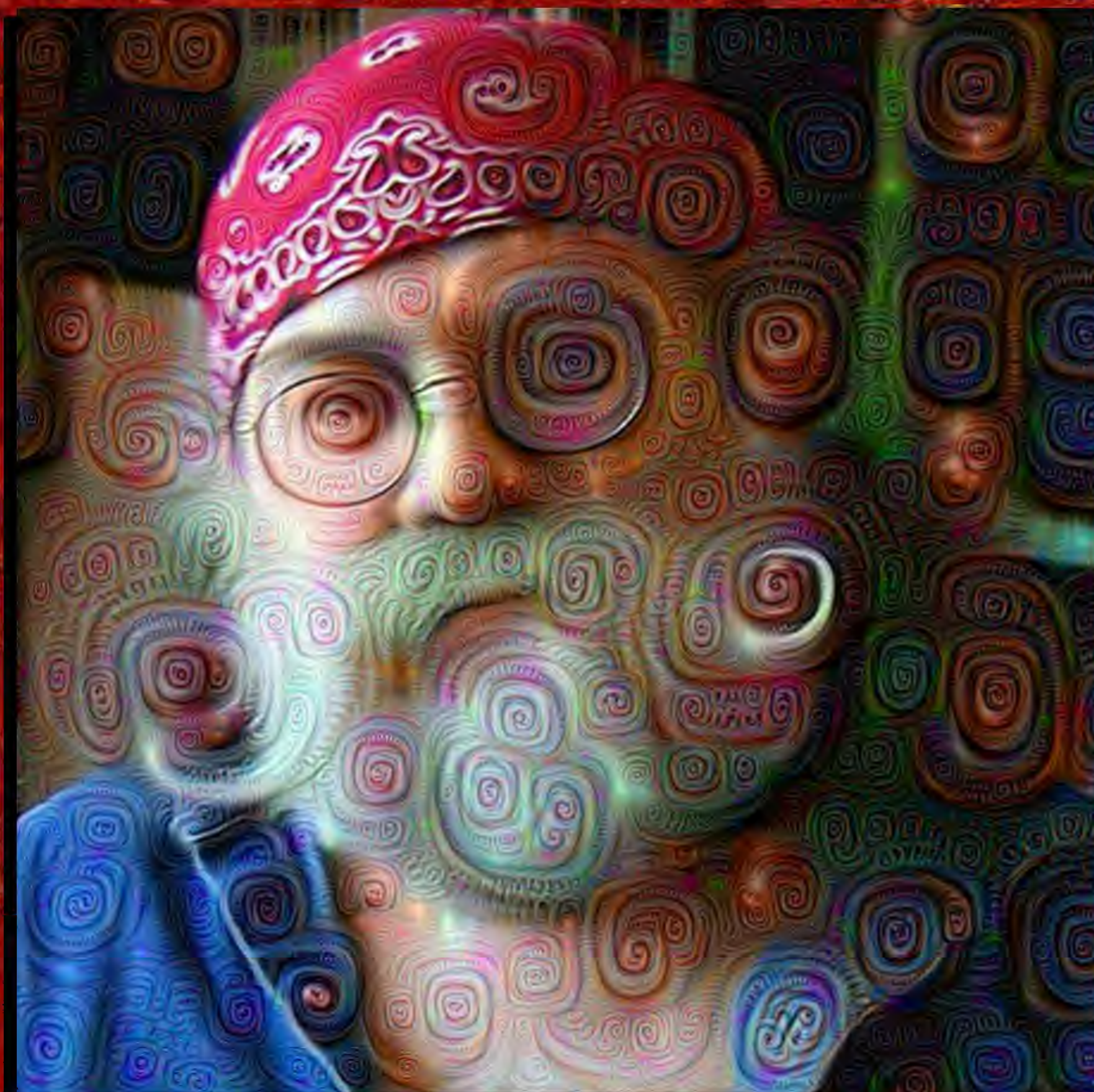






THE COLLECTED BOOK OF DREAMS WAS PUBLISHED IN 2016 under mysterious circumstance by obscure persons for esoteric reasons.. The entire contents is copyright 2016 by Seth Kallen Deitch





"DON'T BE AFRAID, FOR WE ARE THE DREAMERS THAT REMAIN"
-HARRY PARTCH

The Collected Books of

DREAMS



Forward

This is a weird book even for me. That is because it was written by my unconscious mind.

I have had a very active dream life since I was a young child. As a young child, however it was not much fun. I was plagued by nightmares, night terrors and haunting phobic visions resulting in tons of bed wetting much loss of sleep by my mother in her attempts to comfort me when I would wake up screaming. I didn't start having mostly benign dreams until I had gotten through puberty but still had the occasional waking up with tremors or cold sweats until I was halfway through my twenties.

In adulthood, my dreams, like those of almost everyone else are for the most part totally forgotten upon waking. The ones I remember well enough to write down an even vaguely coherent narrative account for probably less than one percent of those that actually occur.

I am told that there is a science of dreams, but I know nothing of it. I am told there are prophecies in dreams, but not in mine. I have been told that dreams can unveil the mysteries of the human heart, but mine seem to just be surrealist strangeness. That doesn't mean that they are nothing. They are an expression of just how creative I can be without my conscious mind's general uptightness. Without that overly civilized little man inside badgering me to behave myself I'm actually capable of some pretty peculiar scenarios. I don't make too much of it, you may see it differently, but if you just treat it as entertainment Slumberland is a gas.

Transforming the images of dreams into descriptions, written or otherwise requires a bit of translation. The unconscious mind has a whole language of its

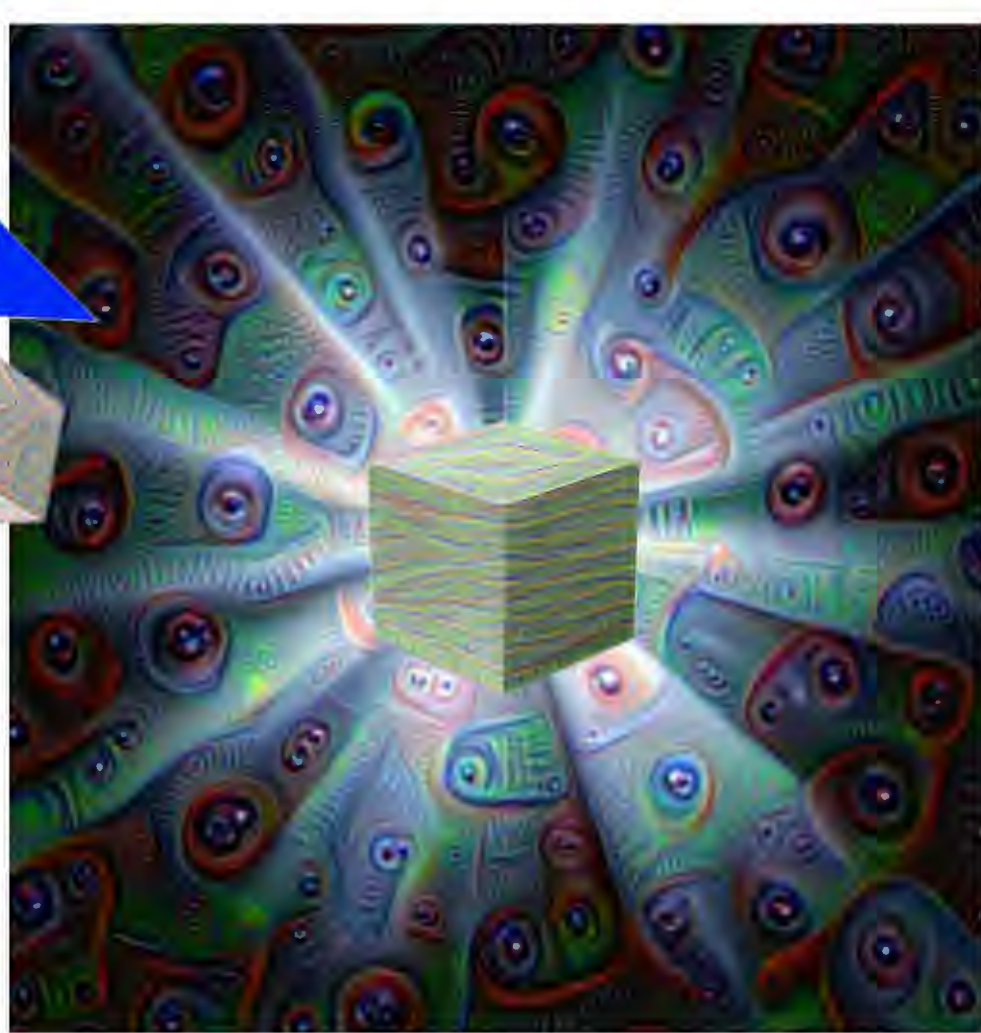
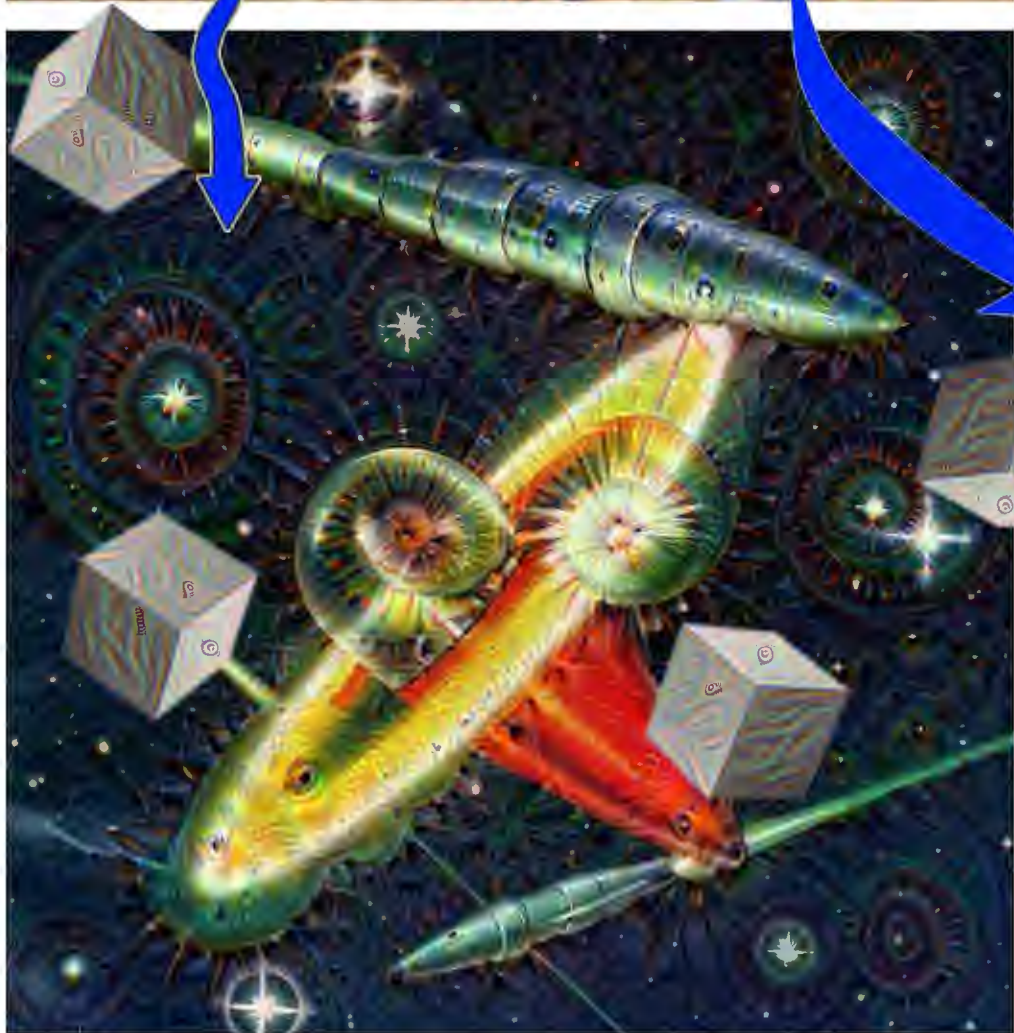
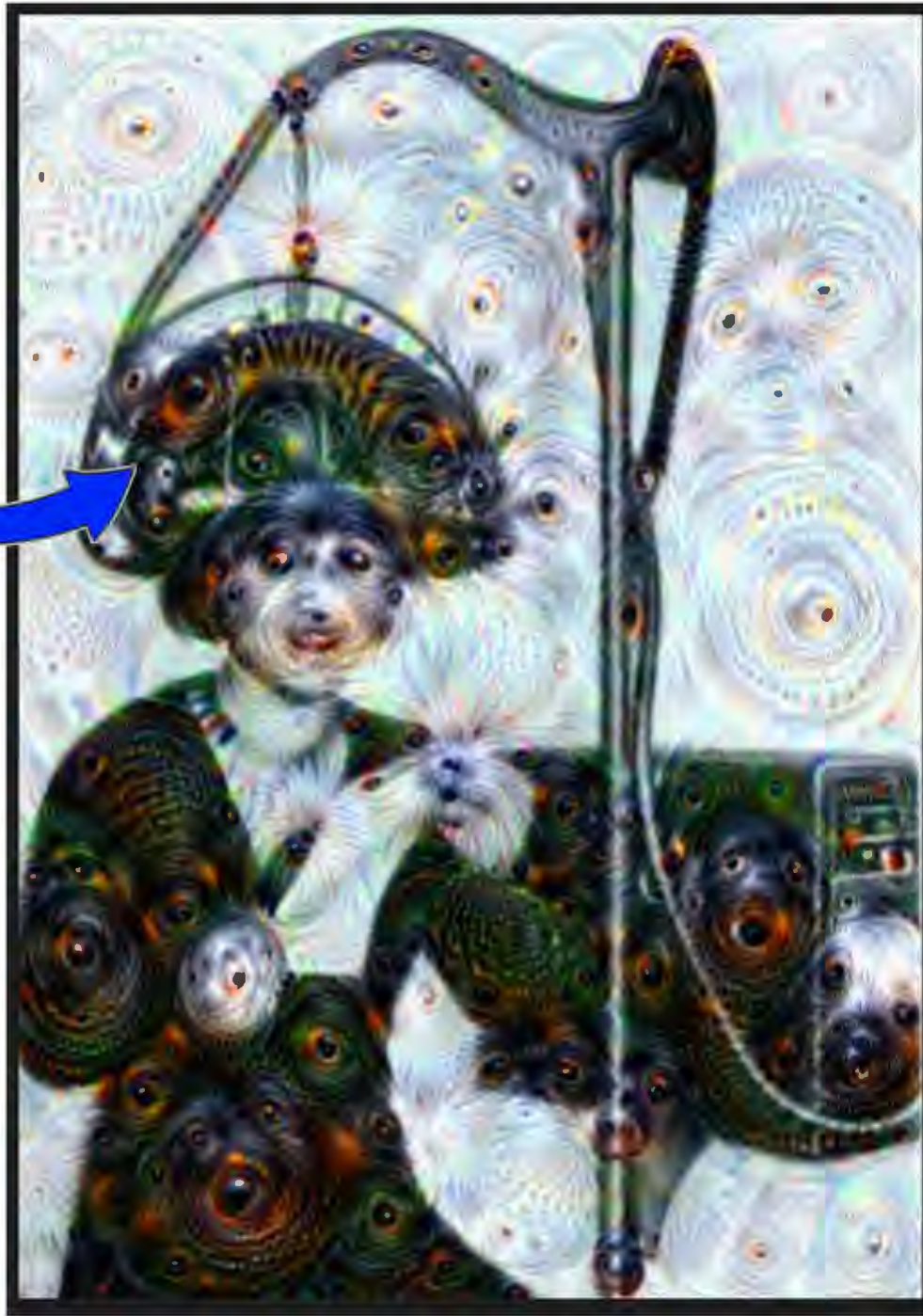
own that is largely unique to each individual. The texts in this book are as I wrote them as soon as was practical upon waking. The grammar is often vague and the meanings freighted with ambiguity. I try to do as little interpreting as I can get away with. I do make occasional spelling corrections and put in clarifications where it seems like a good idea to do so.

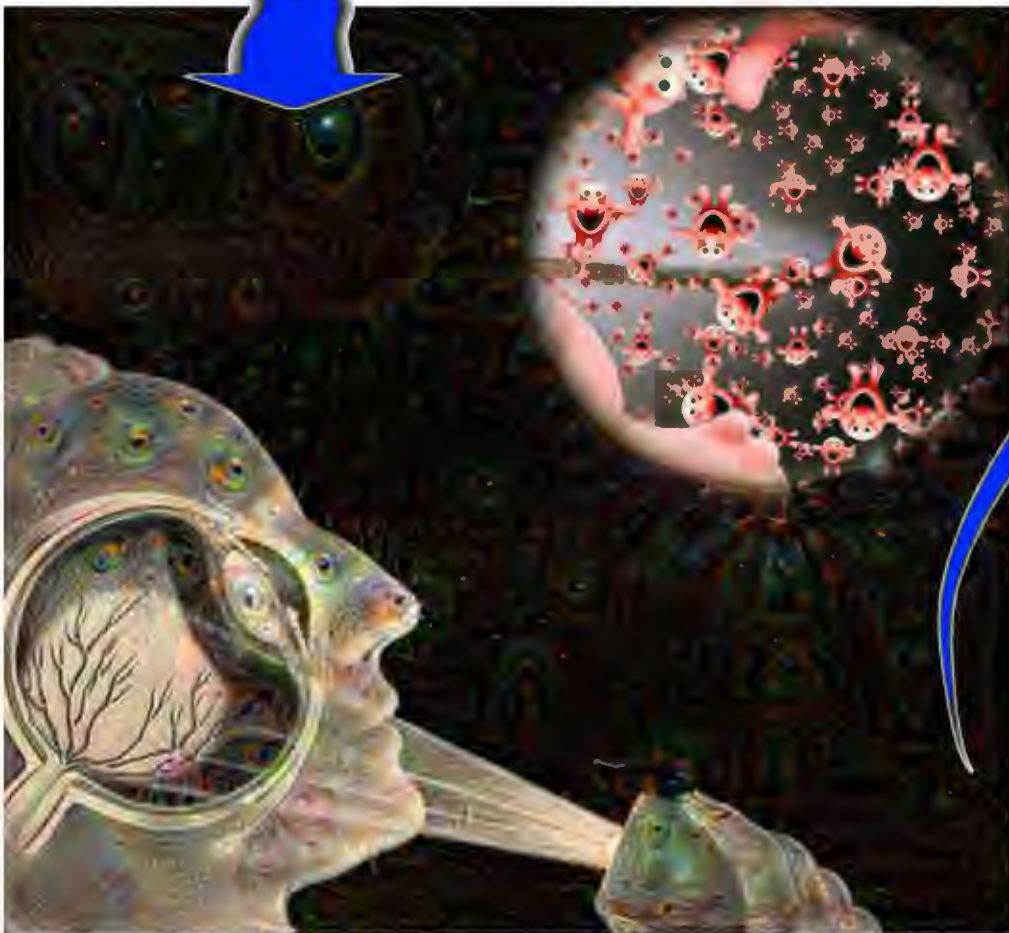
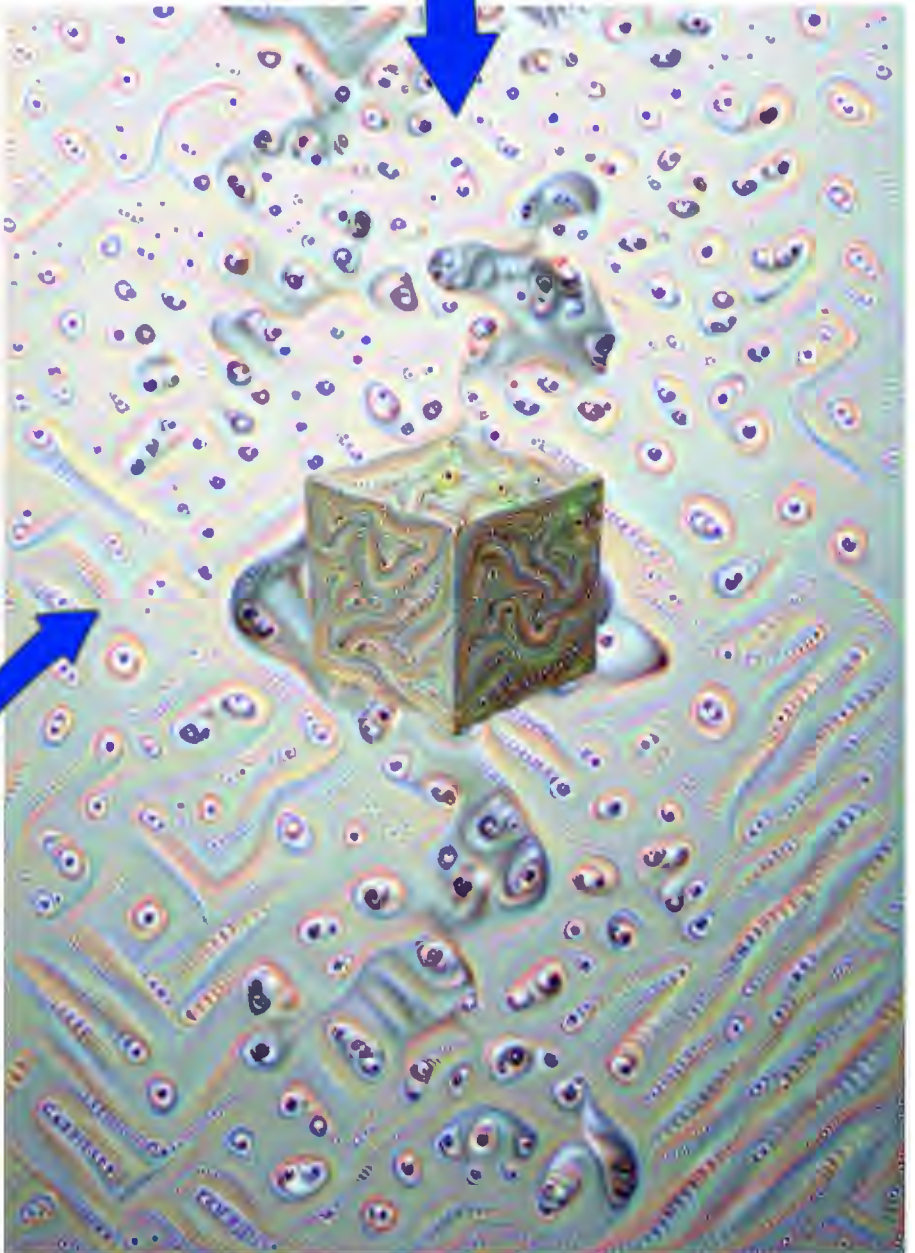
The images are another matter entirely. The medium here is electronic collage with liberal use of the Google "Deep Dream" filters as a unifying visual theme to provide an appropriately psychedelic quality. I have given myself great latitude in this regard. Not only do I not have a perfect idea of how things actually looked much of the time, but I have also chosen the medium of collage for the illustrations. When you set out to illustrate a dream, particularly with collage as your medium, you are compelled to do a bit of re-imagining, almost like letting yourself dream it all over again. Although I have put a lot of thought into the type of imagery I use, I don't want to fuss with it too much either. I want my translation into pictures to be free and spontaneous, not overly mannered. It is really easy for me to want to produce dazzling craft and have the work devolve into a mass of techy little details. I hope that I have mostly avoided that here.

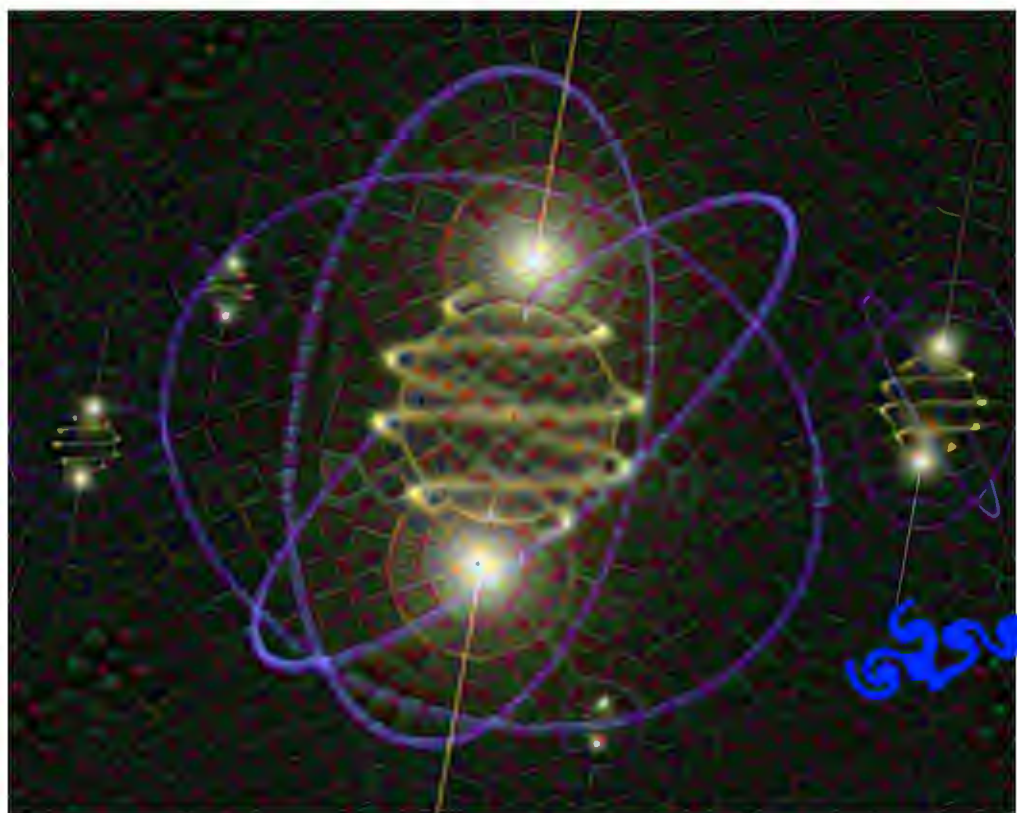
Anyway, I owe a lot to all of the people who have provided me encouragement in this strange project. For a few years I have been saying that I might do a book about my dream journal and people have almost universally said "You should" rather than "Are you sure you want to get into all that messy shit?" so I assume they either believe it will be entertaining to them to see me publicly embarrass myself or it is an actual good idea. In that regard, you are the judge.

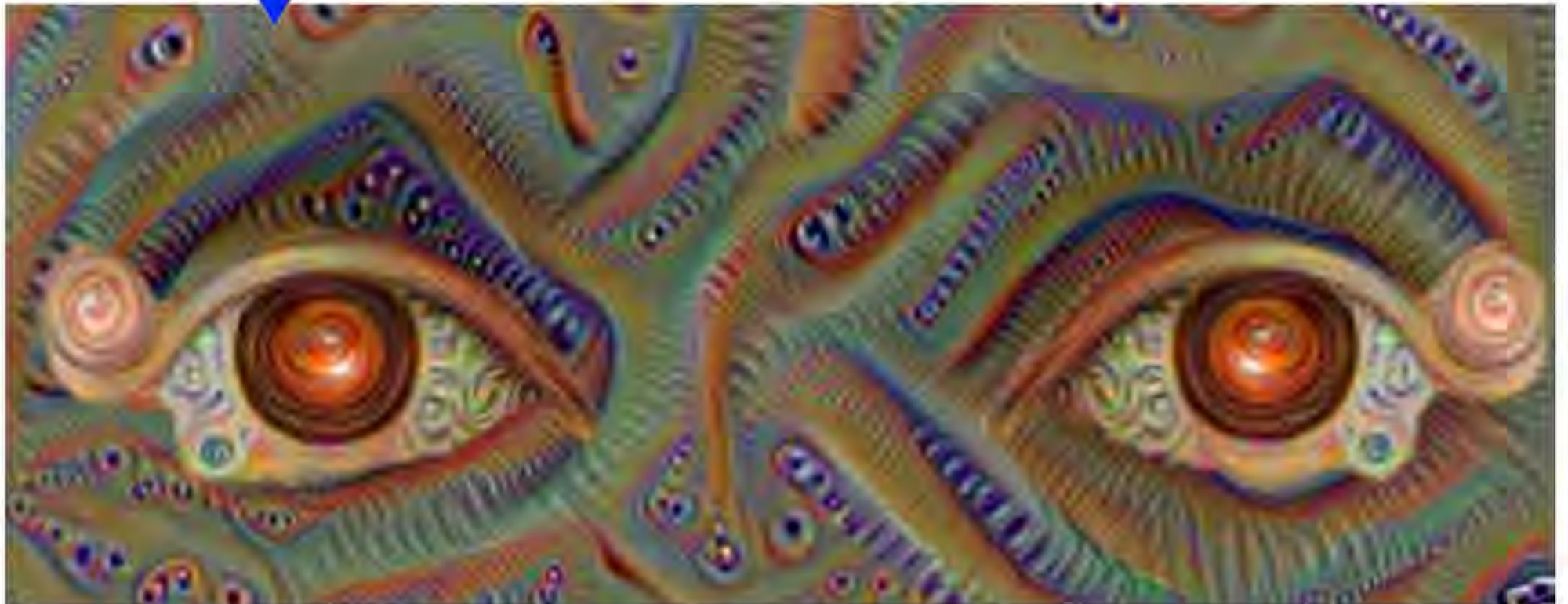
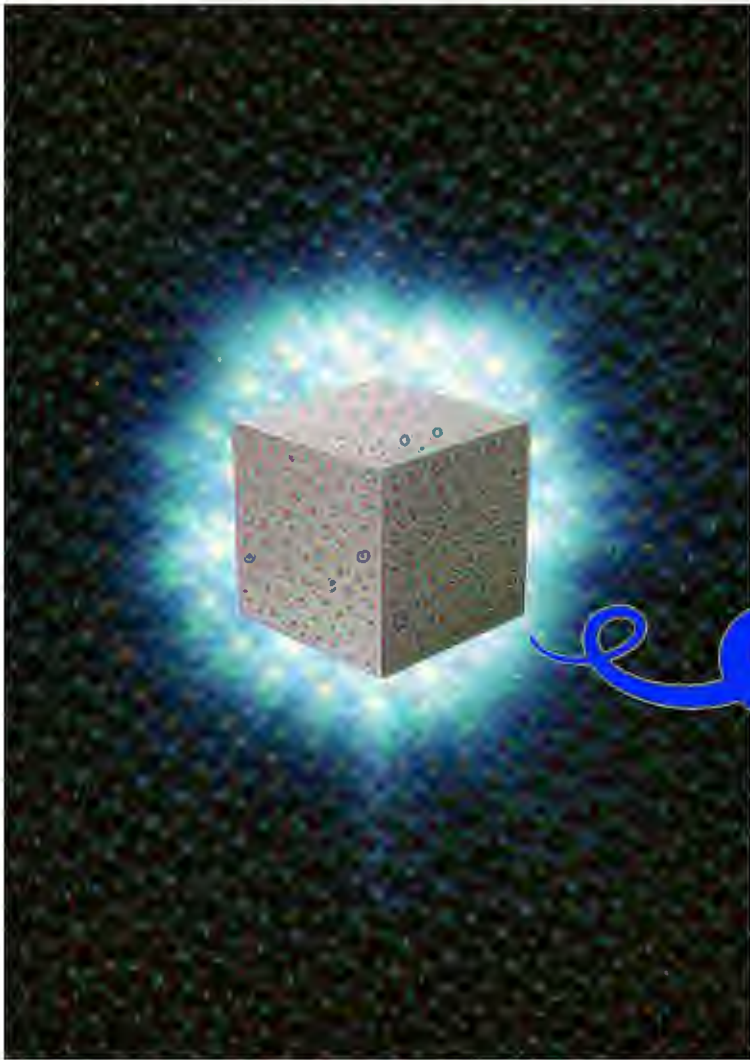
- Seth K. Deitch

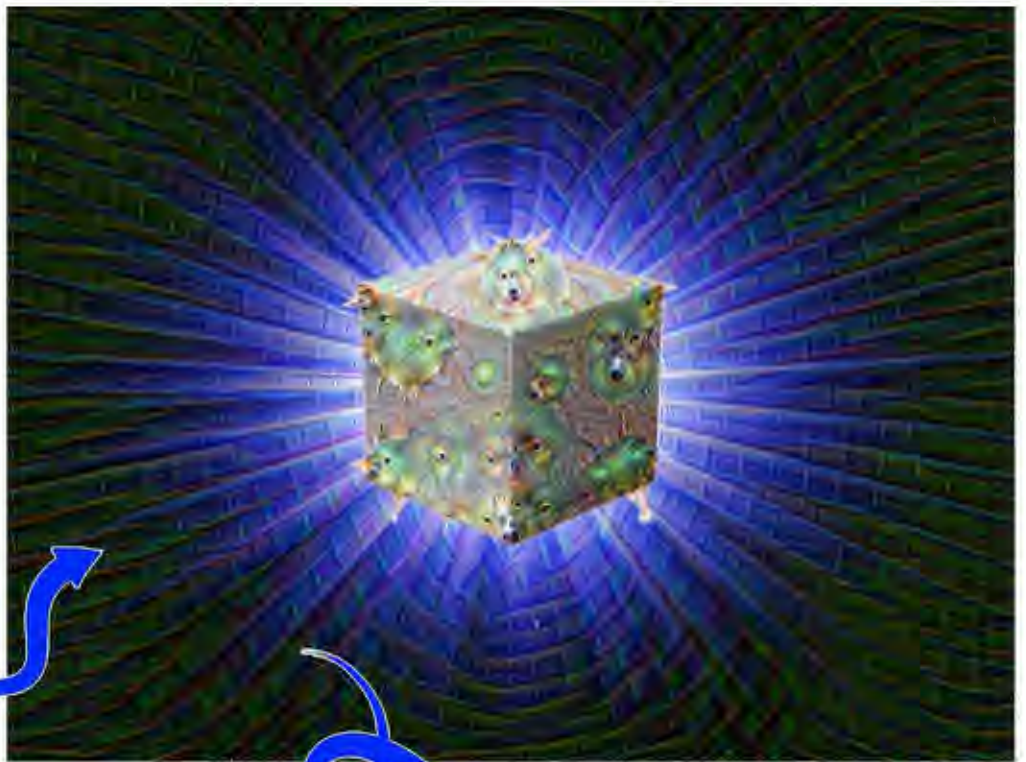
• August 13th 2015









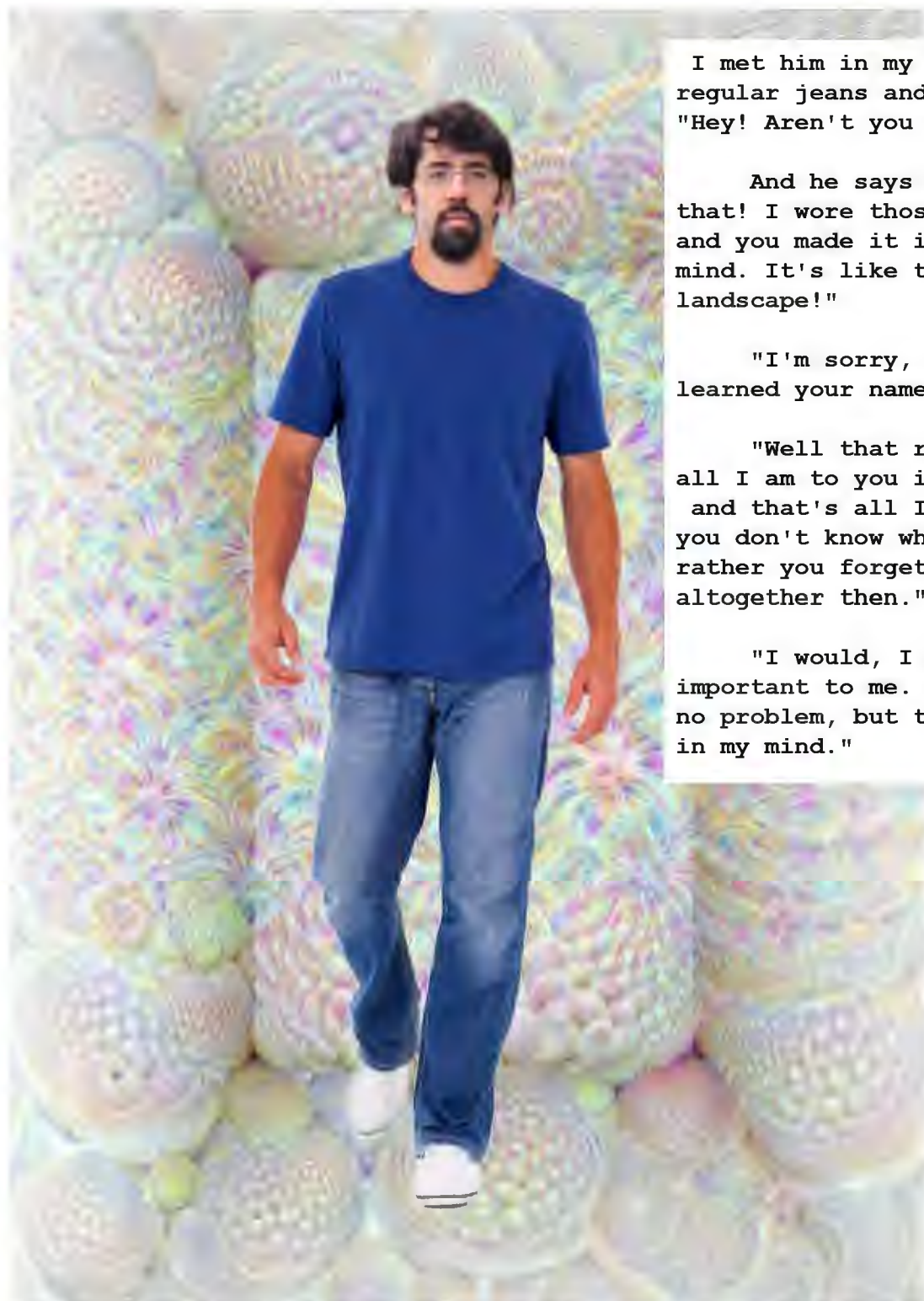




Dream Journal 2/22/2015

I dreamed about Gigantic Pants Dude. He is a real person, not someone who my subconscious imagination invented.

Around 20 years ago when I worked at Charrete there were two parts of the place, retail in the front. Art and drafting supplies, and reprographics in the back. there wasn't a huge amount of mixing between retail and reprographics. If we were going for drinks after work it wasn't with the retail people generally, they had their own break room, etc. we were effectively two separate stores. Once for a short time, Gigantic Pants Dude worked in art supplies. He was this skinny dark-haired guy in his 20s and he wore these jeans that had really wide legs. At first I speculated that this was his first job since he had lost a huge amount of weight. A coworker pointed out that the waist seemed to be the right size for him, just that the pants were made purposely to look huge, just an oddball fashion thing. He was gone in like two weeks and I never talked to him. I was back in reprographics shooting stats and he was up front running around in his huge pants restocking Cerulean blue. I never learned his name, he was always just Gigantic Pants Dude.



I met him in my dream last night. He was wearing regular jeans and I said, "Hey! Aren't you Gigantic Pants Dude?"

And he says "You gotta stop thinking of me as that! I wore those jeans for *three months* in 1994 and you made it into my whole image in your mind. It's like this *bump* in my psychic landscape!"

"I'm sorry, I would, but I never learned your name."

"Well that really sucks because all I am to you is Gigantic Pants Dude and that's all I can ever be because you don't know who I really am. I'd rather you forget about me altogether then."

"I would, I mean you were nothing important to me. It would normally be no problem, but those pants really stick in my mind."

"You're an asshole." He said, and I woke up.



Dream Journal 8/5/2015



An armless woman loved me. She was very, very beautiful but had not even remnant arms. She loved the way she looked and preferred clothing that accentuated her unique appearance.



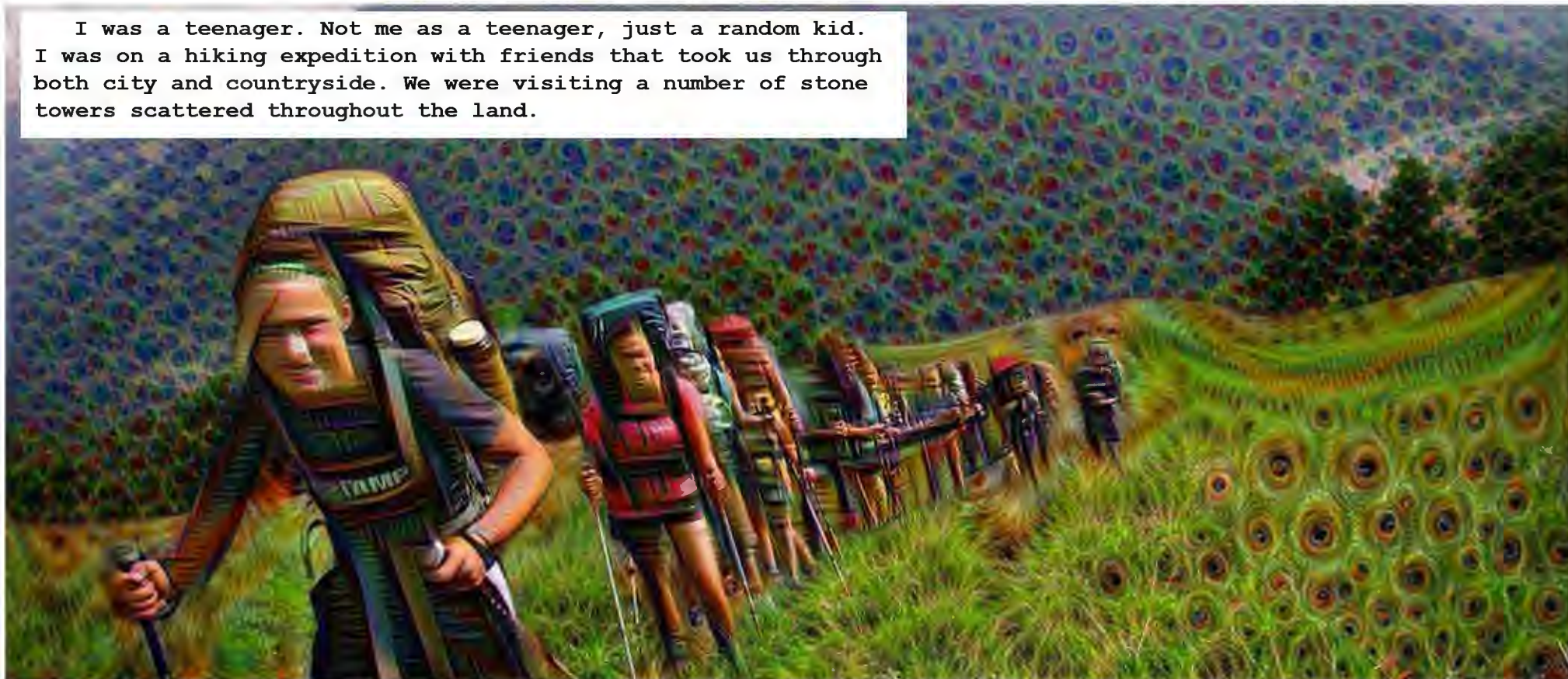
Although she could do quite a lot with her feet, she could feed and groom herself, she enjoyed making me responsible for dressing and undressing her.

She had a pair of high heeled boots that came up to her thighs that had to be laced up. It took me a long time to get them on her and all laced up. It was weirdly erotic.

Dream Journal 6/15/2012

I had an interesting dream last night. Actually it happened between the time my alarm went off the first time and I set it for another half hour until I woke again.

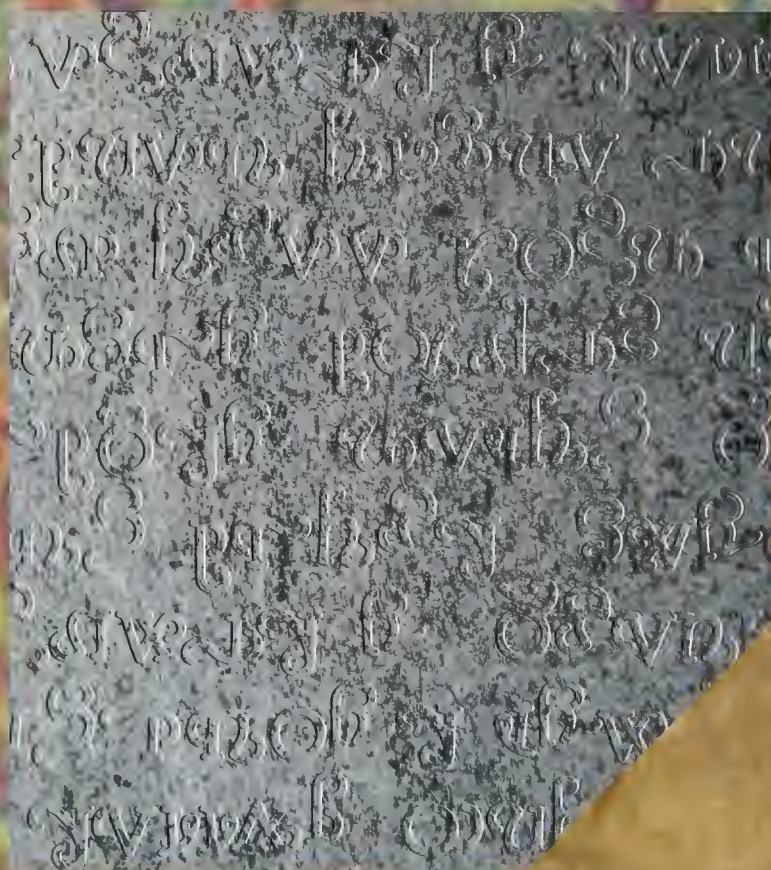
I was a teenager. Not me as a teenager, just a random kid. I was on a hiking expedition with friends that took us through both city and countryside. We were visiting a number of stone towers scattered throughout the land.



They were large structures with their bases covering several acres and their shape was like compressed cones. The proportion was similar to the Egyptian pyramids only they were much larger. Their tops were somewhere around seven hundred to one thousand feet above the landscape depending on the individual tower. My understanding was that these towers were ancient in origin, but well maintained with repairs and fresh paint. Inside they had ramps that spiraled around to the top with occasional ports that presented spectacular vistas leading to a main, open observation deck at the top from which one could see for many miles.

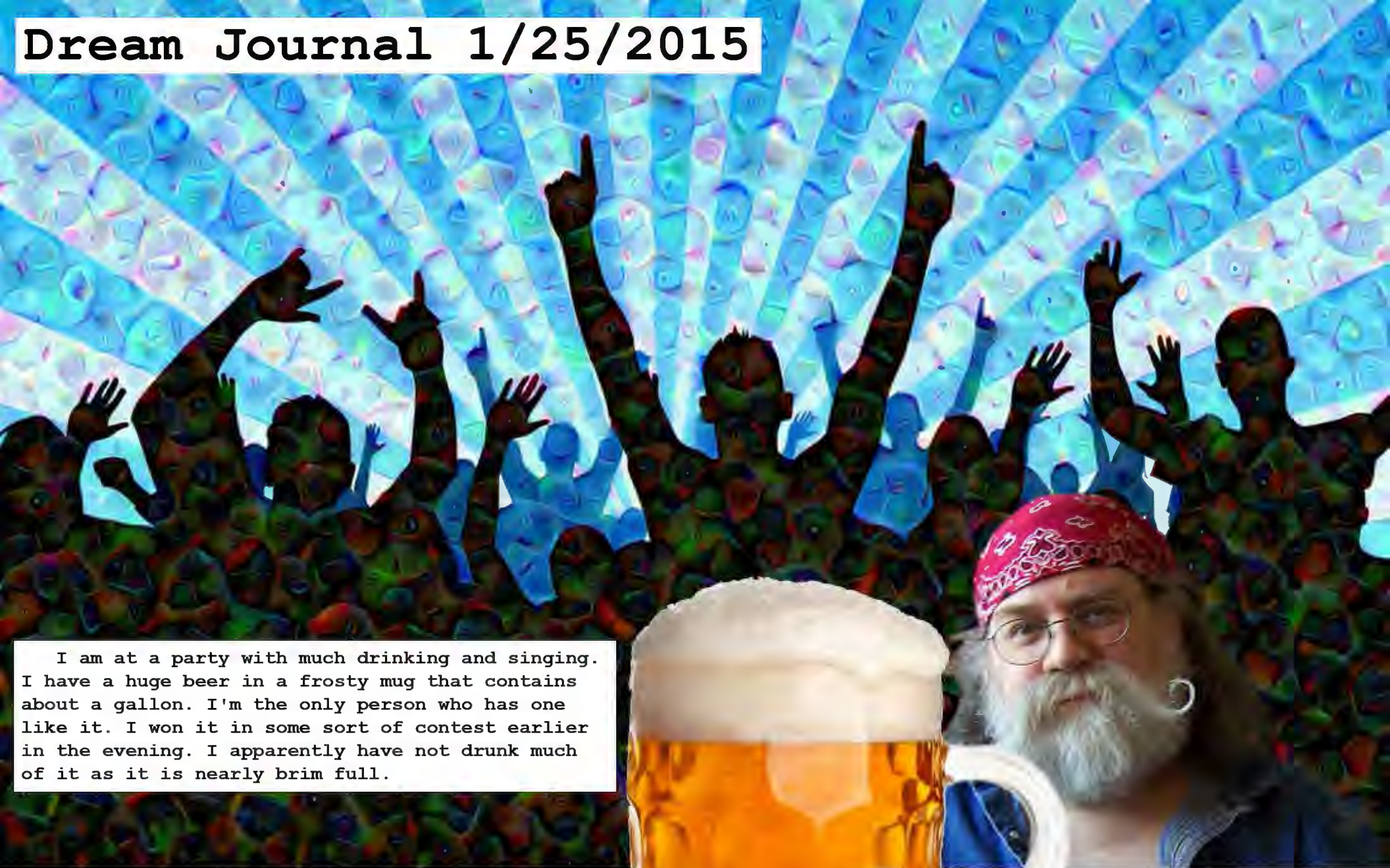


It was known that there was some sort of puzzle that could be solved by visiting all of these towers using information gained from the views combined with the glyphs that adorned the interior walls, but no one had ever solved it.



My alarm went off before I learned too much more.

Dream Journal 1/25/2015



I am at a party with much drinking and singing. I have a huge beer in a frosty mug that contains about a gallon. I'm the only person who has one like it. I won it in some sort of contest earlier in the evening. I apparently have not drunk much of it as it is nearly brim full.



In the other room a young woman is singing a song that somehow mirrors my plight. I finally have my pants on and find the singer. "Your song matches my pants". I tell her. She just looks at me strangely.

The room the party is in is full of bindery equipment. At one point I have excused myself to change my trousers. There is something about the new ones that is strange. the legs are somehow spatially screwed up so the pants won't go on right.



Dream Journal 6/18/2015

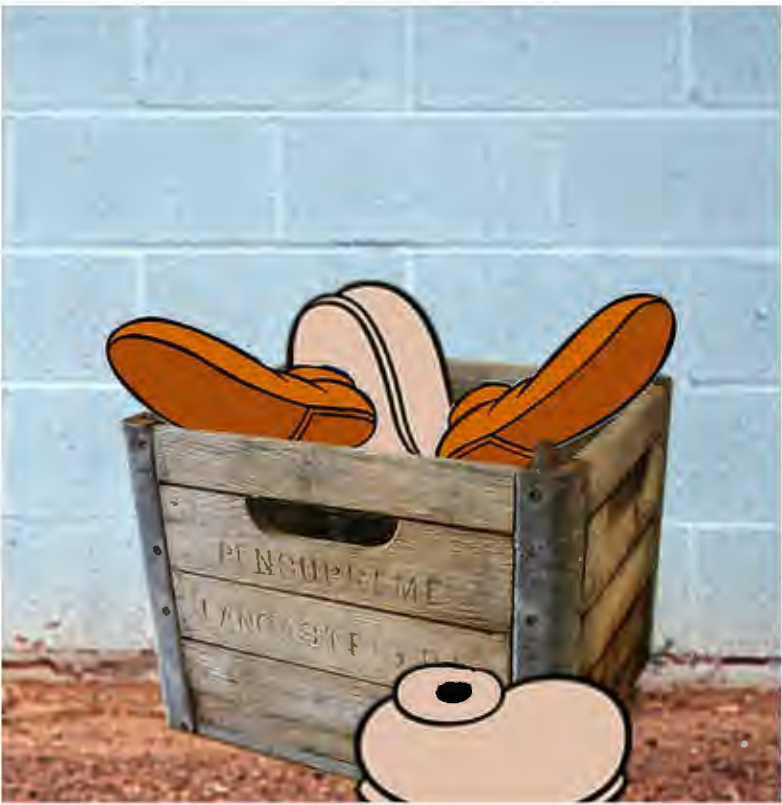
Act 1-The Blue Blanket



I am in a motel room. I can tell by looking out the window that it is winter. A light snow is falling. I am naked wrapped in a warm, fluffy blue blanket.

I am now outside of the motel which has a gas station attached to it. I am sitting on a bench, still naked and wrapped in the blanket. The blanket is quite warm and I am comfortable even though the snow is falling on me.





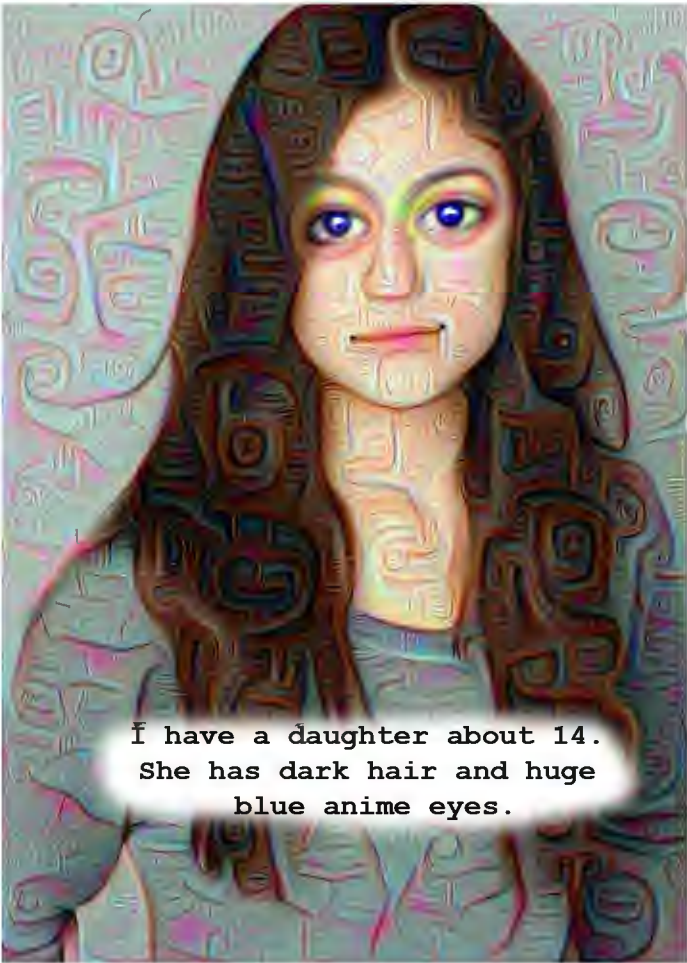
The town apparently has no zoning. Across the street from me is an auto parts store, a private house and a small shoe factory. I know they make shoes because there are some open crates of shoes sitting around. They are cartoon shoes like you would see Goofy wearing. I realize I have to meet my family.



I am in the motel room with my family. I have a wife. She is a slender attractive blonde about 40 years old.



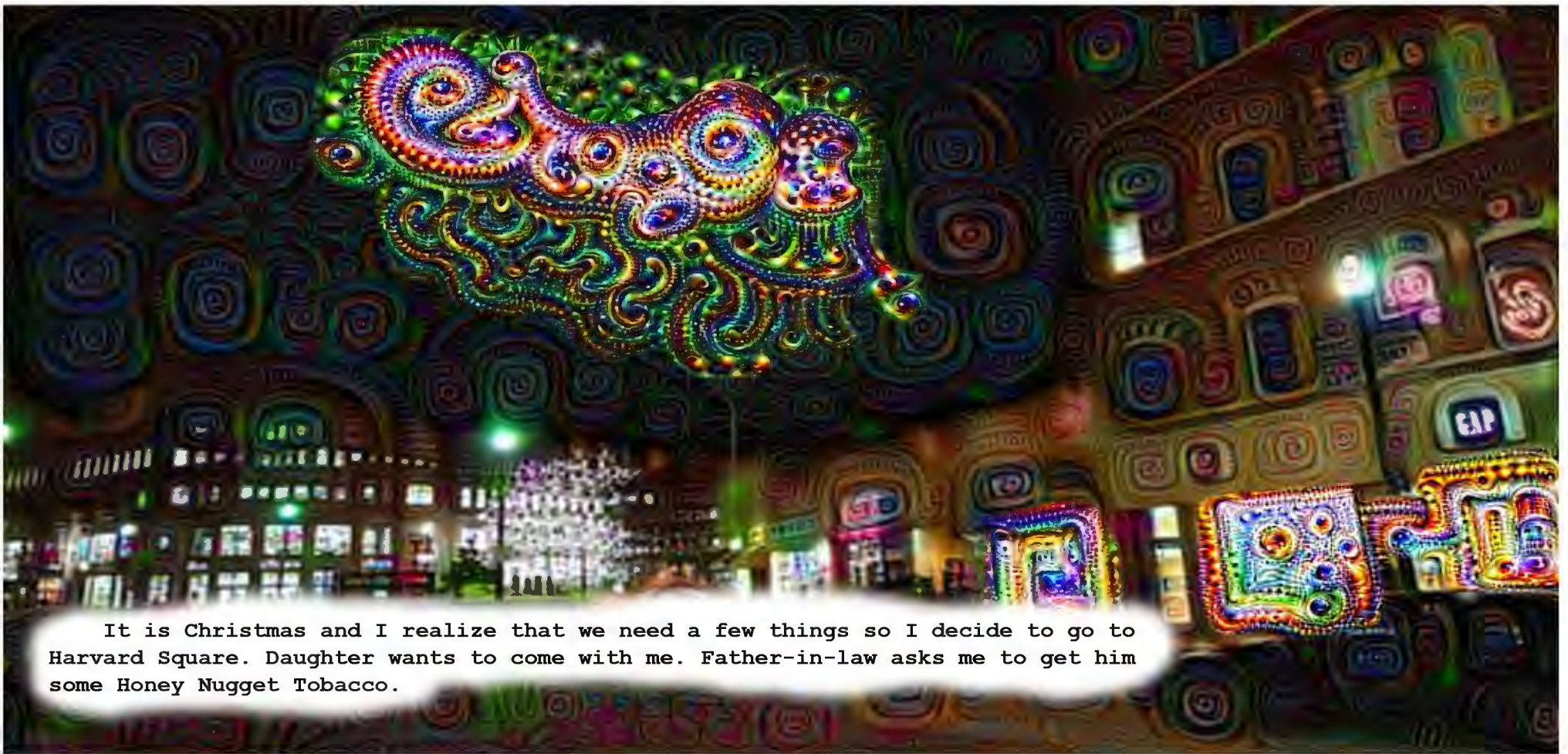
A father-in-law about 65 years old. He is sitting in a chair from which he never gets up.



I have a daughter about 14. She has dark hair and huge blue anime eyes.

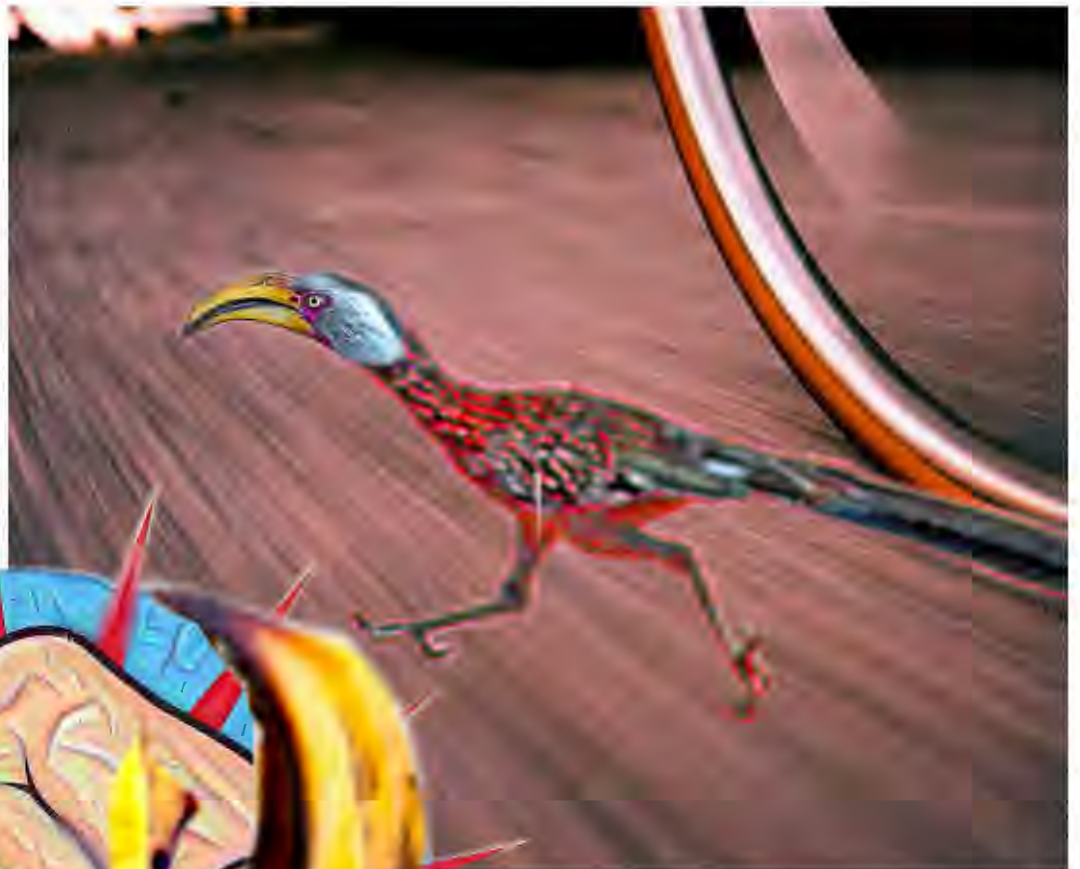


I have a son about 8 years old. He is always looking away from me. I never see his face.



It is Christmas and I realize that we need a few things so I decide to go to Harvard Square. Daughter wants to come with me. Father-in-law asks me to get him some Honey Nugget Tobacco.

Act 2- The Bird



Daughter and I are riding bicycles. I notice that a bird is running along beside me. It is about the size of a seagull. It has a huge Toucan-like bill and grey and red plumage. It is squawking at me in a hostile tone. For some reason I stop to ask it what's the matter. It jumps up and latches onto my arm with its bill and won't let go. It doesn't hurt

a lot, but I can't shake him off. I grab its neck and start trying to tug him off. Daughter starts yelling "Don't hurt him daddy!" The bird is growling like a large dog and I become alarmed and bang him against the handlebars of the bike. His big bill shatters like glass and he runs off.



Act 3- Honey Nugget Tobacco



We go into a convenience store which is bigger inside than it looks on the outside, more like a department store. It has Christmas decorations, but also summer fun type displays.



We go to the tobacco department. There are two guys at the counter. One of them is a skinny guy with unkempt long hair. The other is a short red headed guy with coke-bottle glasses. That one is wearing a white lab coat with a tag indicating he is a certified tobacconist. It doesn't say that, it is a symbol of a checkmark over an Indian style "peace pipe" that is the well known symbol for certified tobacconist.



I ask the skinny guy for two pouches of Honey Nugget Tobacco. He gets them and puts them on a table behind the counter rather than the counter itself. The pouches are huge as if they contain a pound of tobacco each. I open my wallet and notice that one of my credit cards is missing. I turn out its entire contents on the counter which includes another credit card, some cash, postage stamps, a bunch of paper clips, a flash light, some parts of a cat, a miniature crow bar, a book of popular quotations and numerous other geegaws.



"Ok, ok" I say. I use the other credit card to pay. The guy swipes the card and give it back to me and I sign, but he doesn't give me the tobacco. "Can I have the tobacco?" I ask.

"We gotta go daddy!" says daughter more urgently. She is older now, maybe 17 years old.



Daughter is tugging at my sleeve
"We gotta go daddy." She says.



The guy behind the counter points at the guy in the labcoat. "He has to give it to you, but he's on break." "That's ridiculous. Just please give me the tobacco" "We gotta go daddy!" Insists daughter. She is covered in sweat. Her cheeks are flushed. "Union rules." Says the guy. Daughter is highly agitated. "We gotta go daddy!!! We gotta go!"

I wake up



Dream Journal 7/7/2012

It seems that I have my most interesting dreams between waking up for the first time and falling back to sleep to catch an extra half hour.



I was on a train in Japan and was let off at a stop that a fellow passenger told me would be interesting.



I was to participate in a game that I would be guided through by various actors. I was given a bicycle and put off the train.





My first stop was a house where I was met at the door by a young black woman who was disinclined to admit me. I knew that I had to retrieve the key that was on a chain around her neck.

I wrestled her in the foyer of the house and she was surprisingly strong. I pinned her twice, but she just kept fighting. Finally I pulled off her dress and bound her nude to a radiator with it and took the key.



I knew the key opened a cupboard that held some items I would need farther along so I started going through the house trying the key everywhere until it opened one that contained a flashlight, a cloth bag of dried beans and a small electronic device that looked like a cross between a TV remote and a cell phone. I took them all and got on my bike and headed north.



My course was to be through a gigantic shopping mall that stretched most of the length of Honshu. I apparently was not the only person playing the game because I saw others on bikes going the same direction as me with identical items in their baskets.



Suddenly there were spider-like robots everywhere. One of them dropped down in front of me and I stopped. I wondered if one of the items in my basket might help. Only the bag of beans was still there, the other items had disappeared.



I opened the bag and saw that it contained small stones rather than beans. I woke up.



Dream Journal 8/28/13



I was in a tent with General Grant. We were drinking bourbon and laughing. Outside a battle raged. I heard men shooting, shouting, dying. Ulysses and I were talking about old blues records.

A puddle of blood was creeping in under the edge of the tent. Grant hollered "Mister Potter!" and a harried looking private hurried in and cleaned it up and then swiftly exited.

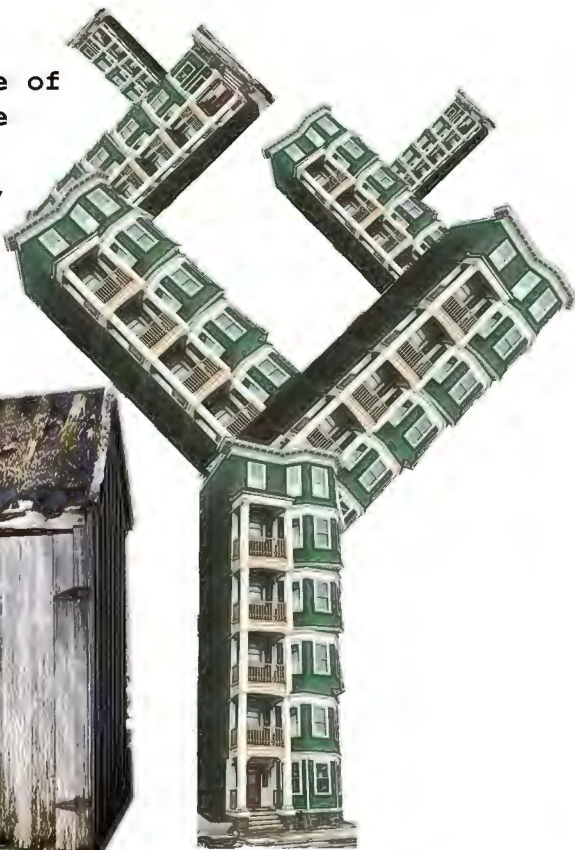


Dream Journal 6/22/2013

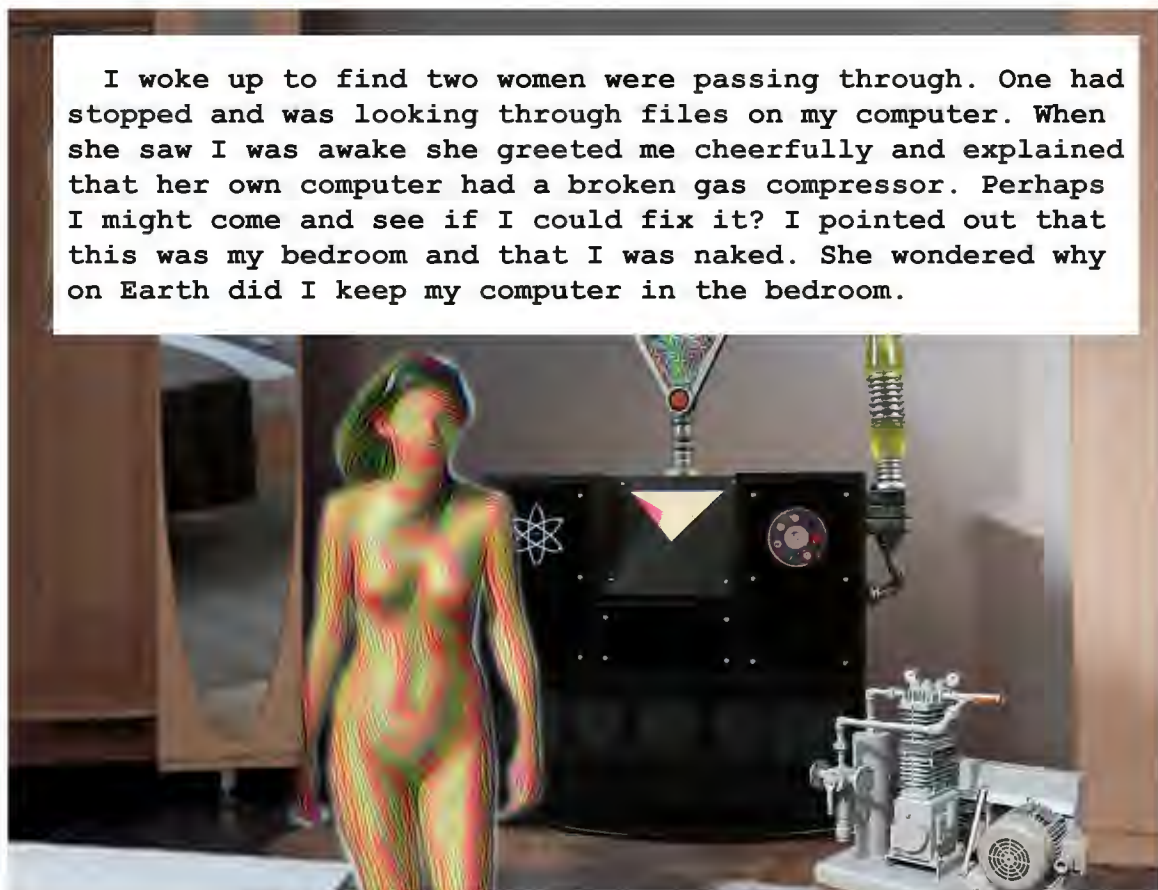


My apartment was strange. People were always coming in uninvited. It also moved. Sometimes it was on the third floor, sometimes on the ground floor or somewhere else.

I was never even sure of the size of the building. Sometimes huge, sometimes a little shack.

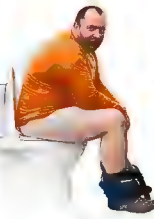


I woke up to find two women were passing through. One had stopped and was looking through files on my computer. When she saw I was awake she greeted me cheerfully and explained that her own computer had a broken gas compressor. Perhaps I might come and see if I could fix it? I pointed out that this was my bedroom and that I was naked. She wondered why on Earth did I keep my computer in the bedroom.





She inserted a memory cartridge into the computer, and it brought up a very tiny movie apparently the small size was a symptom of the low gas pressure. "My nephew's bar-mitzvah, not that you could tell from this! I really gotta get it fixed!" I begged her to leave so I could get dressed.



I went out and discovered that every door opened directly into another apartment rather than a connecting hallway. Through each one I would find myself intruding on someone's private moments, a family at a meal, a woman taking a shower, another mopping a floor who yelled at me for walking on it, a fat man sitting on the toilet, a man and wife watching television, a teenaged boy industriously masturbating. All of them paid me only minimal attention as I passed through.



Finally I got out. The building was an ordinary triple-decker from the outside.



I went out about my business, but what that business was I do not remember.



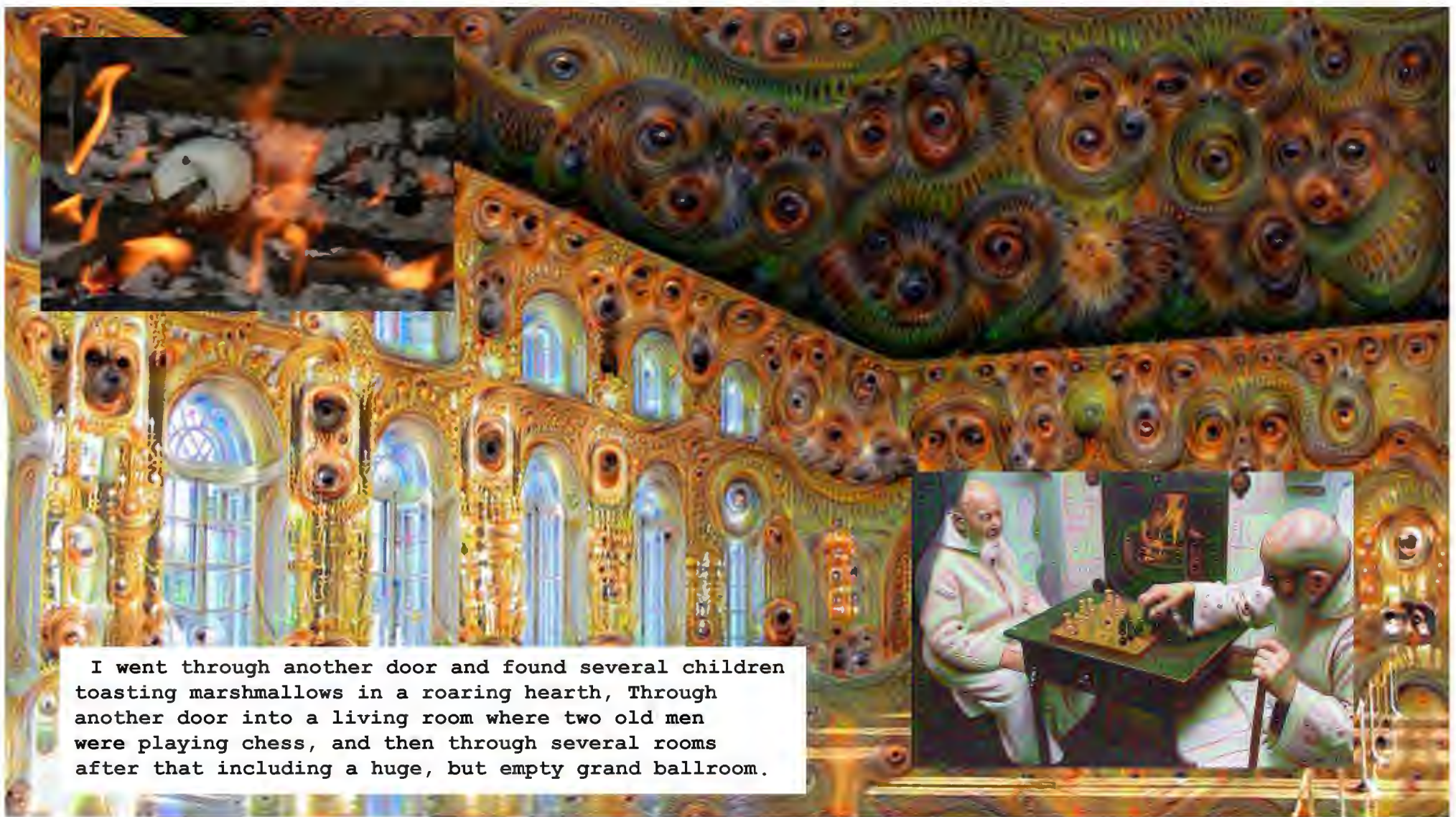
I returned to find that the house was an old barn of unpainted and poorly fitted planks. There was an open door with a sign over it that read "The New Percussive".



I entered to see that the room was like an old gym with racks on the walls. There were devices hung from ropes at different heights. Platforms, rings, trapezes, etc., that described a path to a door high on the wall. Somehow I negotiated my way up to the door and went through.



I was in a kitchen and an old lady was baking biscuits..



I went through another door and found several children toasting marshmallows in a roaring hearth, Through another door into a living room where two old men were playing chess, and then through several rooms after that including a huge, but empty grand ballroom.



Finally I entered a very rich looking apartment where I saw two young and very pretty nude black girls. They seemed to be about fifteen years old and not disturbed by my presence. I was flustered and embarrassed and explained that I was simply looking for my apartment. They called into another room and their father emerged, also nude, but he had large breasts of riveted steel that were continuous with his flesh. I noticed that I was naked and one of the girls smiled and pointed to indicate that I had an erection. I fled through a nearby door into a room with dozens of cats.

I woke up.



Dream Journal 12/28/2014

I'm in the desert. Shifting sands, utterly bereft of life. I am wearing layers of cotton robes like an Arab, but not of an Arab style. There is a large beast with me, I'm not sure what type. Sort of like an ox but the size of an elephant. There is a large pack on his back. He patiently plods through the sand behind me. I do not know from whence we have come or where we are going. There is a loud crunching sound accompanied by beeping. It causes the beast to look up in curiosity.



beep!
beep!
beep!
CRUNCH

I wake to realize it is a
snowplow in the parking lot



Dream Journal 2/15/2013

We were little people, all of us about 3 ½ inches tall. The world we lived in was different from this one in that human existence happened on a lot of levels. We knew of races of humans that were that small compared to us and we lived beneath the feet of titans who were the size of skyscrapers compared with us.

Myself and some from my town were captured and placed in a terrarium by one of the giants. We could not communicate with him to ask him to bring us back to our home. He couldn't hear us and wouldn't have understood our language if he could have.



Dream Journal 7/3/2015

A friend asked me a favor to place a contest entry for him at a nearby gas station. I get there and several people are there filling out forms. the entry form is a questionnaire with questions about sports. My friend has supplied me with a list of answers. It took me a while to fill it out. I handed it to the gas station attendant who wore a high red shako with a white plume at the crown. "Ah ha!" he said.



"You have won an entry to the great race!"
"It was an entry for my friend actually."
"Is your friend here?"
"No he isn't"
"Well the race is to be run right now. You have Gorgolis!"
"Oh. Well then I'll go watch."
"You are not watching, you are *in* the race."

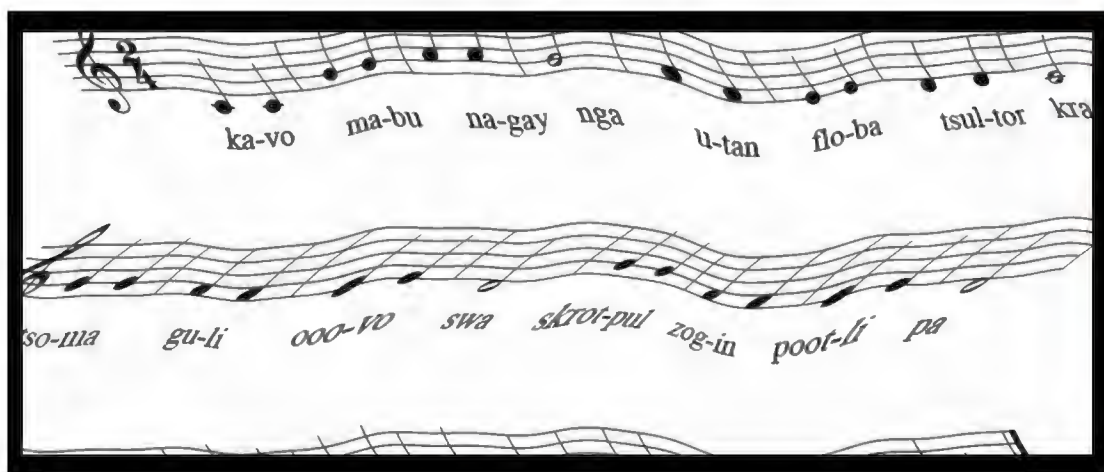
It turned out that Gorgolis was a tall rat like creature that stood on his hind legs and was bright red. He had a huge curved tail which he held high behind him in the shape of a question mark.

There was a saddle up on his shoulders that I had to climb a ladder to get to. I was at the starting line with several other mounted people. The gas station attendant fired a gun and we were off on a grass covered race course that took several wide curves. The race had barely started when I was awakened by someone honking their horn repeatedly in the parking lot behind my building.



Dream Journal 2/7/2015

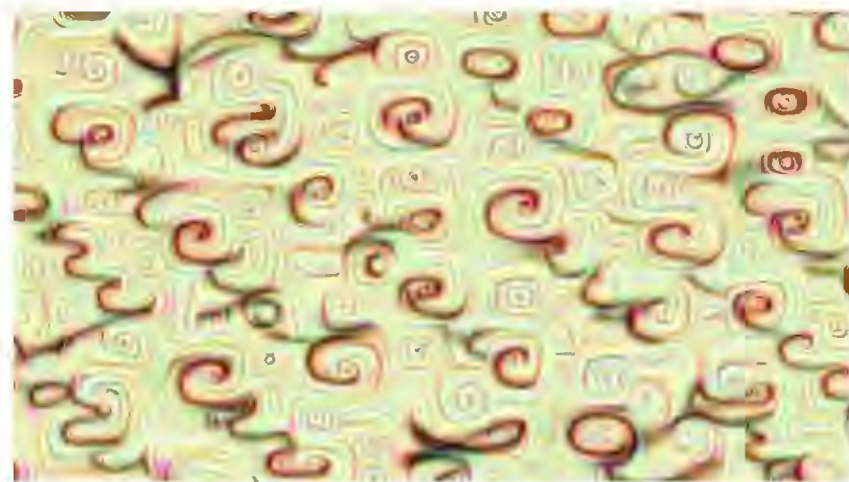
There was a tune. I remember thinking it was halfway between the Alphabet Song and Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star. Upon waking I realize they are the exact same tune. It was sung in a clear alto voice. The words were a foreign language.



I was thinking that it could be adapted into a great Adam Sandler movie.



I decided to go see Einstein who lived out near the Arsenal Mall. Everybody knew this guy wasn't the real Einstein. This guy was only about 60 years old. The real Einstein lives in Princeton New Jersey and is over 135 years old, but everyone accepted this guy in Watertown as Einstein and dealt with him as if that is who he was. If Einstein read my paper and liked it, it would have a much better chance of being made into a big Hollywood movie.



I was in a room writing in longhand in a composition book. The handwriting was much better than my real writing. I was writing a parody of a paper on music theory and I was sure that it was marvelously funny even though it was obscure in almost all of its references and ridiculously over intellectual.



A friend of mine had, for various reasons, decided to thwart me and as I was bicycling to Einstein's house he was on the road beside me driving a dining table.



I beat him to Einstein's house and was met by his room mate who was this big friendly surfer dude type named Gary.



Gary showed me into the living room and said he would go find Albert. I took the manuscript out of my bike basket and saw that it was now just a post-it note with the words "Great idea for a movie!" scrawled on it



My friend pulls up with his dining room table and parks it on the lawn. He just sits there looking at me.



I hand Einstein the post it note. He looks at it very hard and as he looks his wild mop of gray hair gets bigger and wilder and becomes a thicket that fills the room. My friend is now pounding on the door, but the sound is muffled because the room is filled with hair.

I am alone standing in an empty room.

She has really wonderful breasts. I know she is speaking about some very sober subject, but I am transfixed by her rack. The top of her clothing has disappeared.

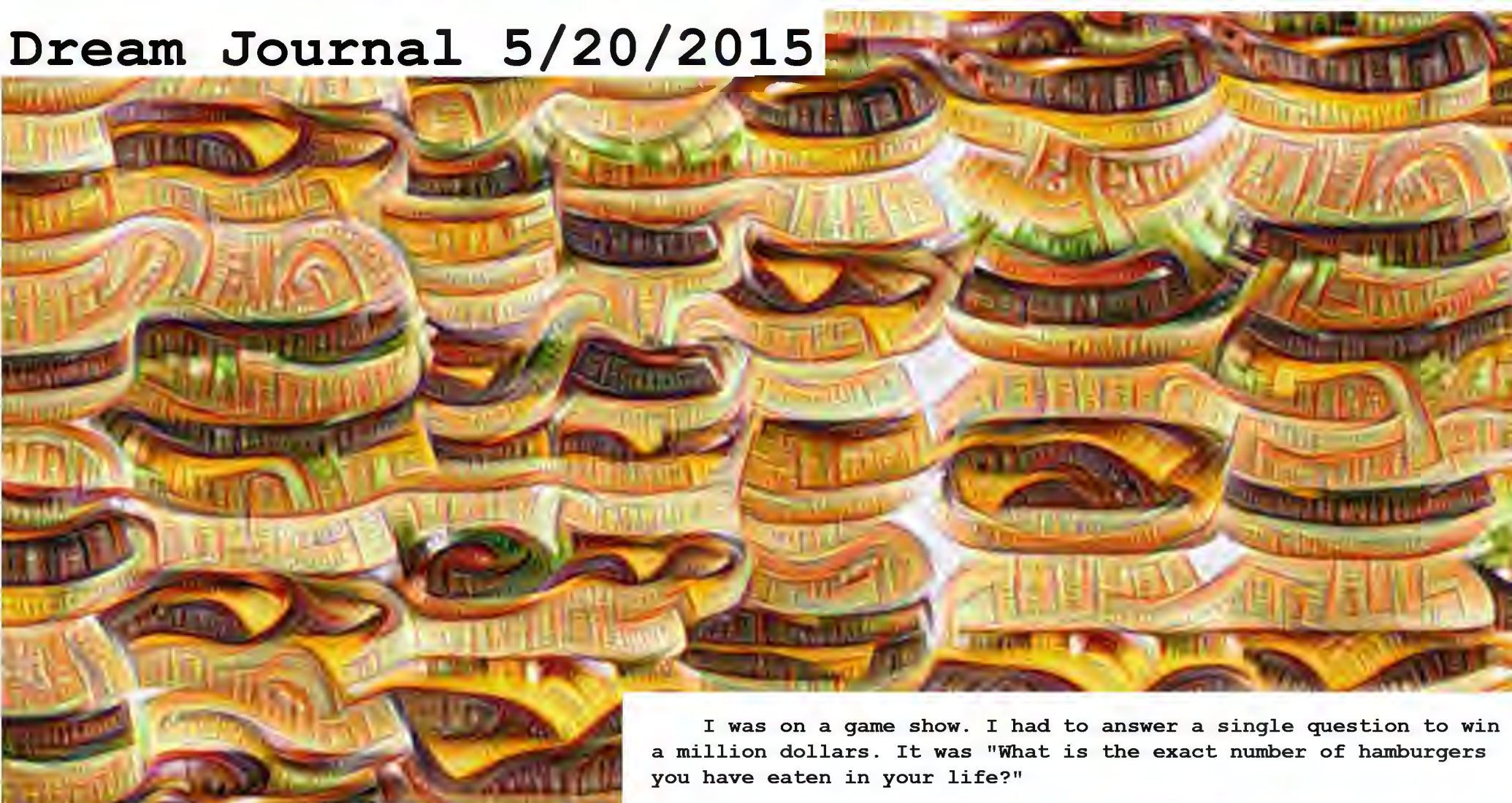
Then it is filled with people There is a woman there who is speaking to the group.

I reach out and touch them, grasp her breasts and weigh them in my hands. She is looking at me with some impatience. "Are you done?" she inquires.

Everyone in the room is laughing at me.

I wake up.

Dream Journal 5/20/2015



I was on a game show. I had to answer a single question to win a million dollars. It was "What is the exact number of hamburgers you have eaten in your life?"

Dream Journal 5/25/2015

I briefly dozed off while waiting for water to boil and dreamed about the Professor Gerbil show. It was made in the 50s with horrible stop motion of taxidermied animals that looked really dead. Everybody loved it.





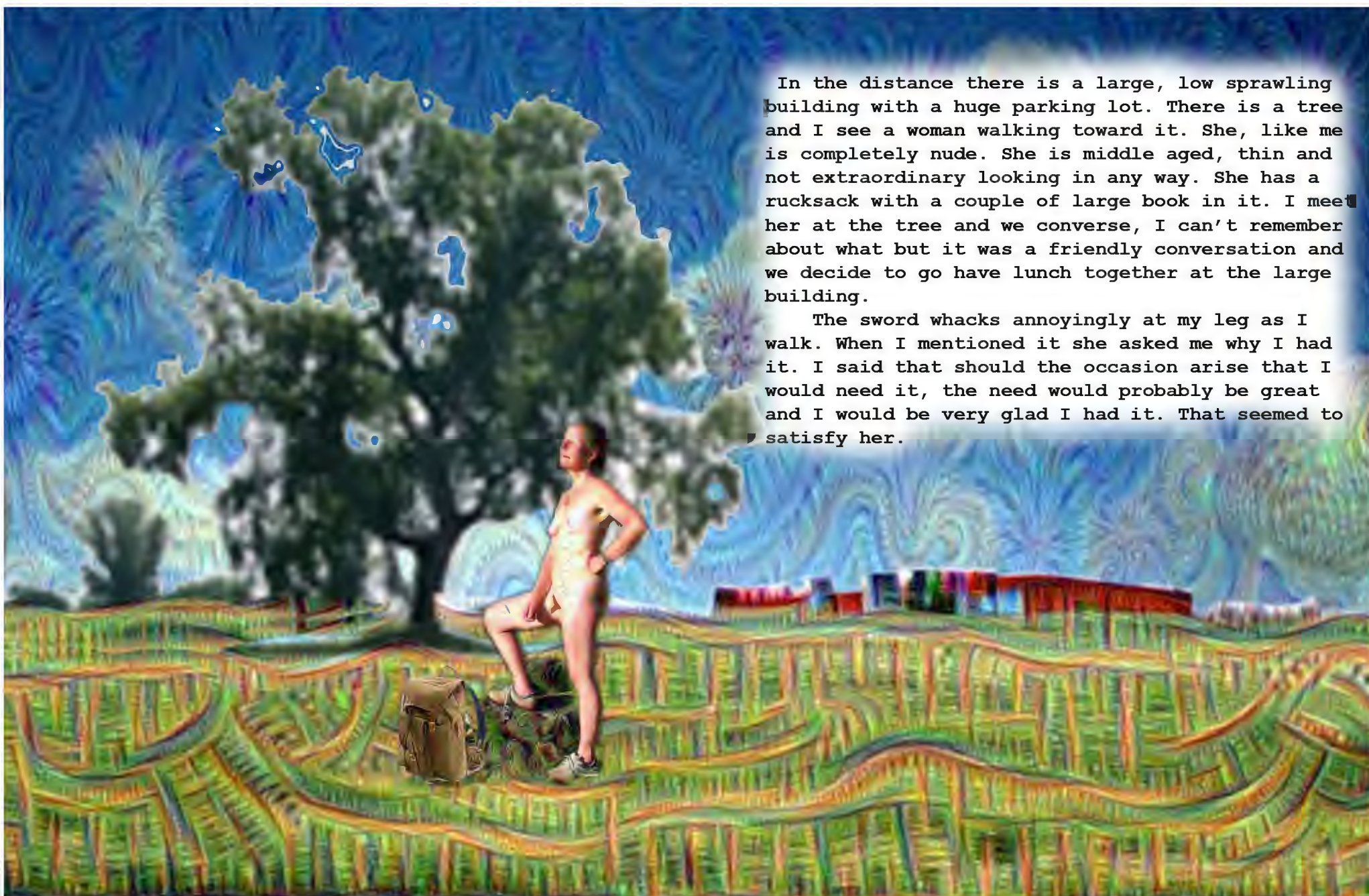
Dream Journal 4/11/2015

I'm in an open field. It is a bright sunny day. I am completely nude except for sandals and a sword hanging from a belt at my waste. I am *not* built like a Greek hero, but look exactly as I normally appear.



In the distance there is a large, low sprawling building with a huge parking lot. There is a tree and I see a woman walking toward it. She, like me is completely nude. She is middle aged, thin and not extraordinary looking in any way. She has a rucksack with a couple of large book in it. I meet her at the tree and we converse, I can't remember about what but it was a friendly conversation and we decide to go have lunch together at the large building.

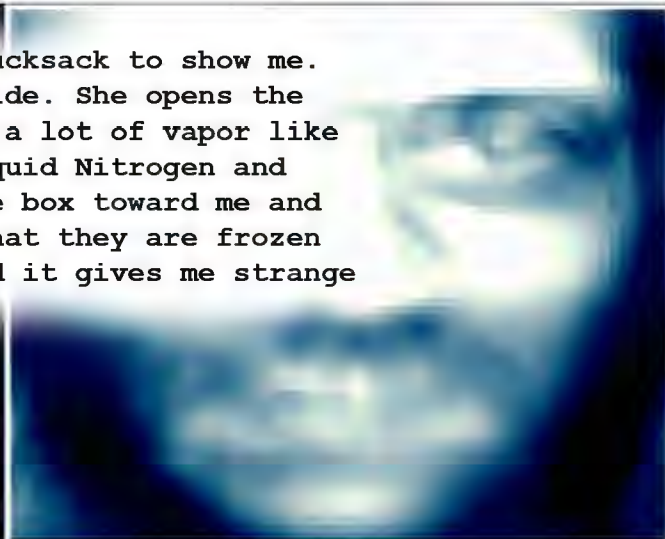
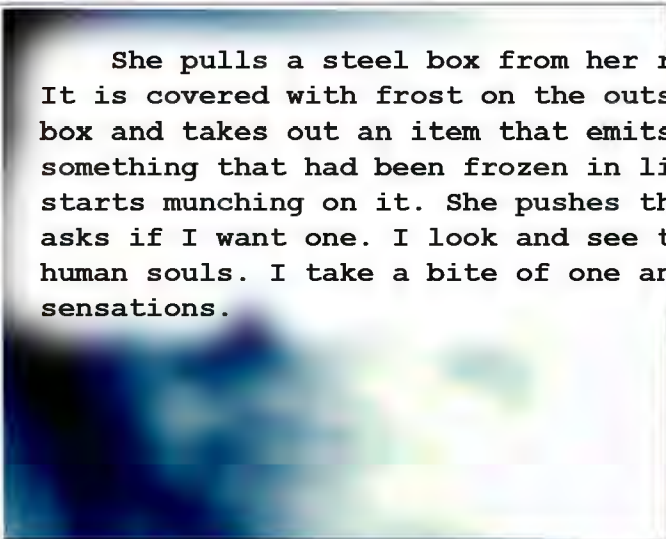
The sword whacks annoyingly at my leg as I walk. When I mentioned it she asked me why I had it. I said that should the occasion arise that I would need it, the need would probably be great and I would be very glad I had it. That seemed to satisfy her.



The large building is a shopping mall and we go to the food court. There are a lot of people around. Many are nude like us, many are normally clothed. We do not draw undue attention. We get lunch at a Chinese food kiosk and sit to eat.



She pulls a steel box from her rucksack to show me. It is covered with frost on the outside. She opens the box and takes out an item that emits a lot of vapor like something that had been frozen in liquid Nitrogen and starts munching on it. She pushes the box toward me and asks if I want one. I look and see that they are frozen human souls. I take a bite of one and it gives me strange sensations.



We are halfway through our meal when I become aware again. She has a book open on the table that is printed in Hebrew with illustrations of rabbits.



Dream Journal 2/13/2014



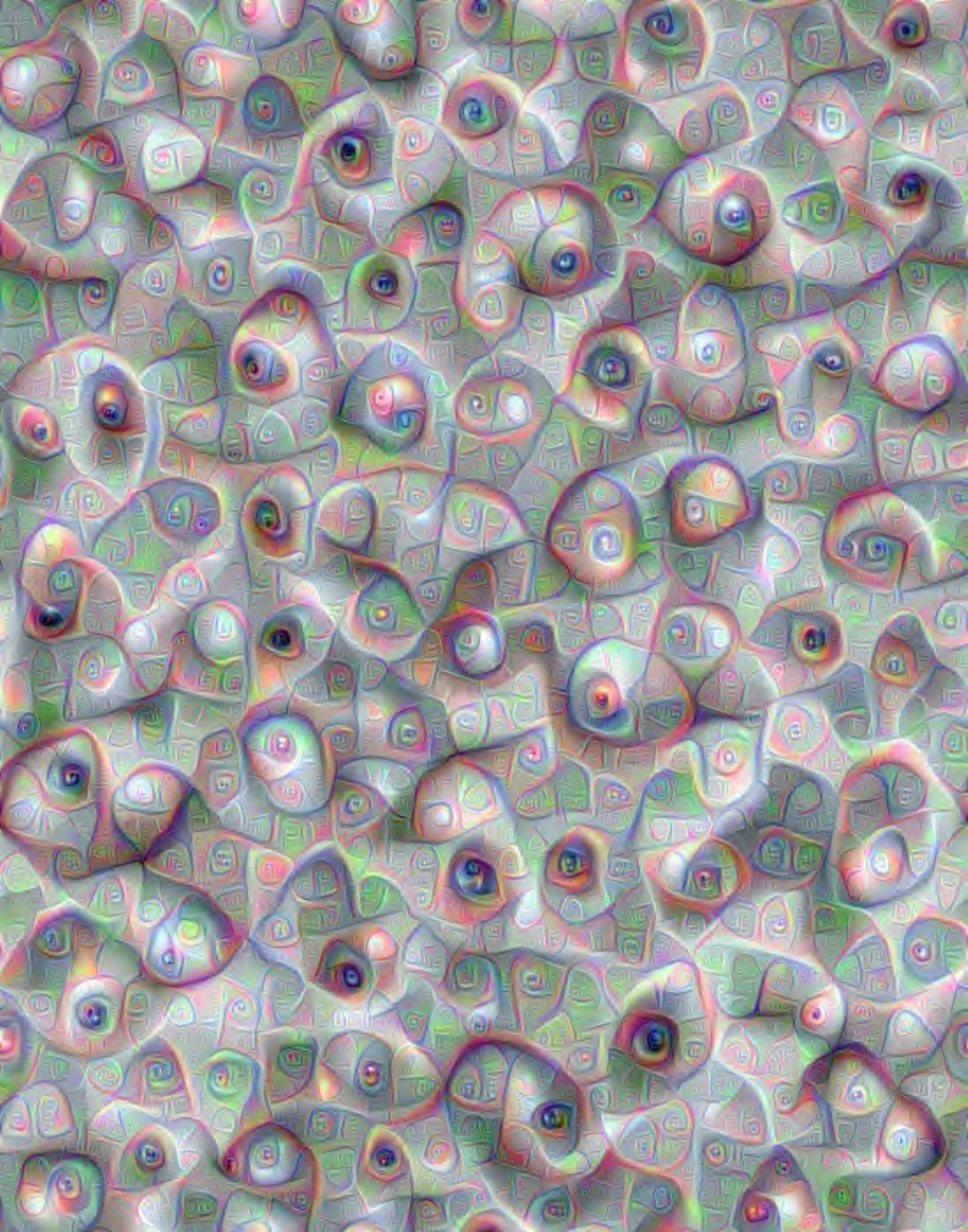
I can't recall all of my dream but part of it was that in one part of my office, I was missing a finger on my right hand. In this one piece of space, my index finger was gone as if it had been amputated many years before. I discovered that I could watch it happen as I passed into the affected area. It would liquidly waver and vanish as I did without discomfort of any kind and would be restored when I stepped out. I showed this to others who were equally perplexed. I was the only one affected with this.

Dream Journal 7/6/2014

In my dream there was a different winter solstice holiday. It had a lot of the accoutrements of Christmas but it was about something else, I never found out exactly what. Like Christmas, there was a general atmosphere of merriness with much song, parties and gift giving and a focus on happiness of children. Also many people felt it had become too commercial.

What I remember most was that the traditional holiday meal was a baby made from meat, mostly ground lamb. It was a tradition many centuries old and I knew that it found its roots in human sacrifice although no real baby had been consumed in over a thousand years. Still the holiday baby was jarringly naturalistic. Butchers took great pride in their product. High end ones really looked a great deal like a small trussed and gutted corpse. The poorer customers settled for something that came out of a mold and looked more like a gingerbread man.



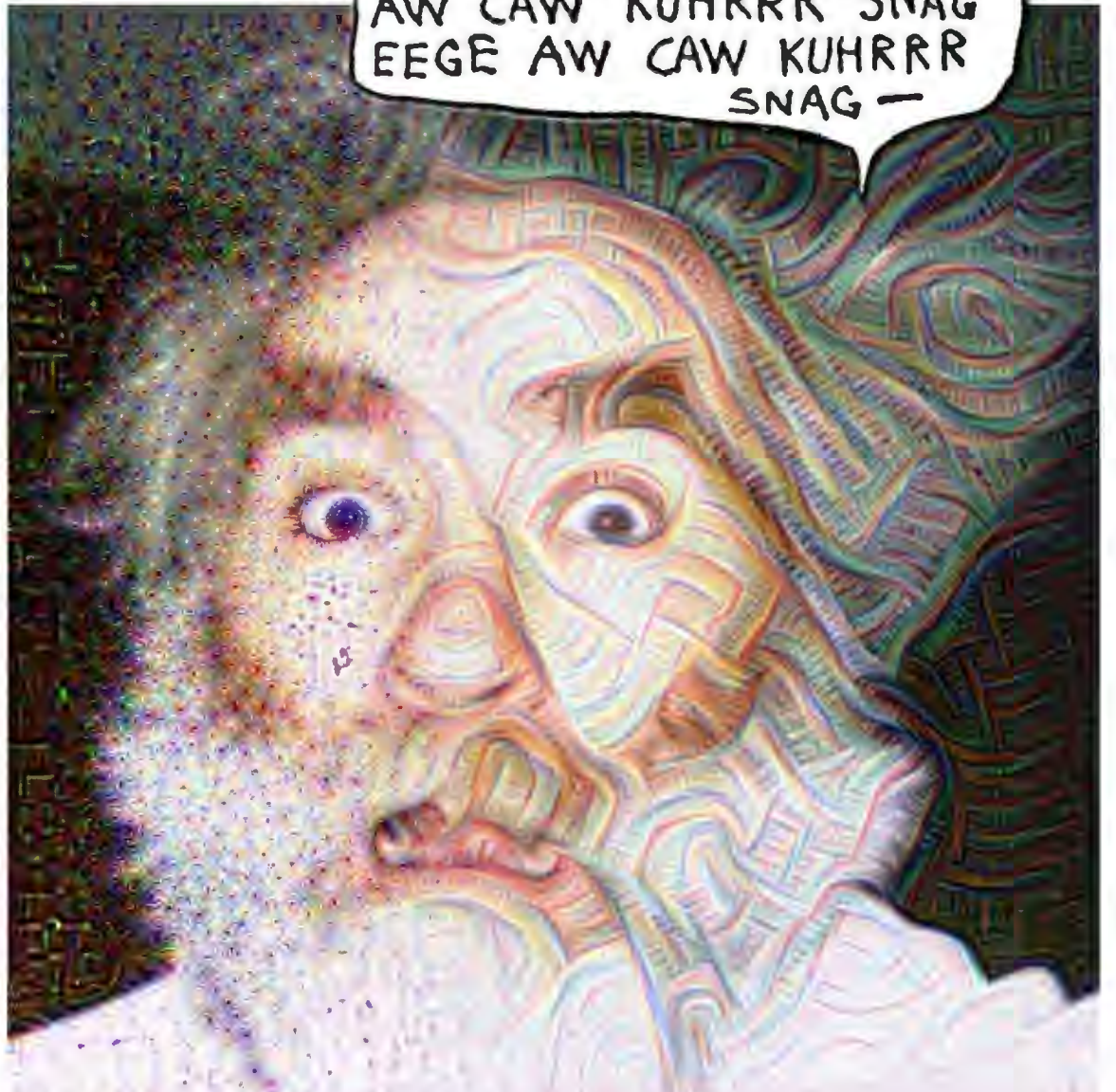


HELLO SILAS

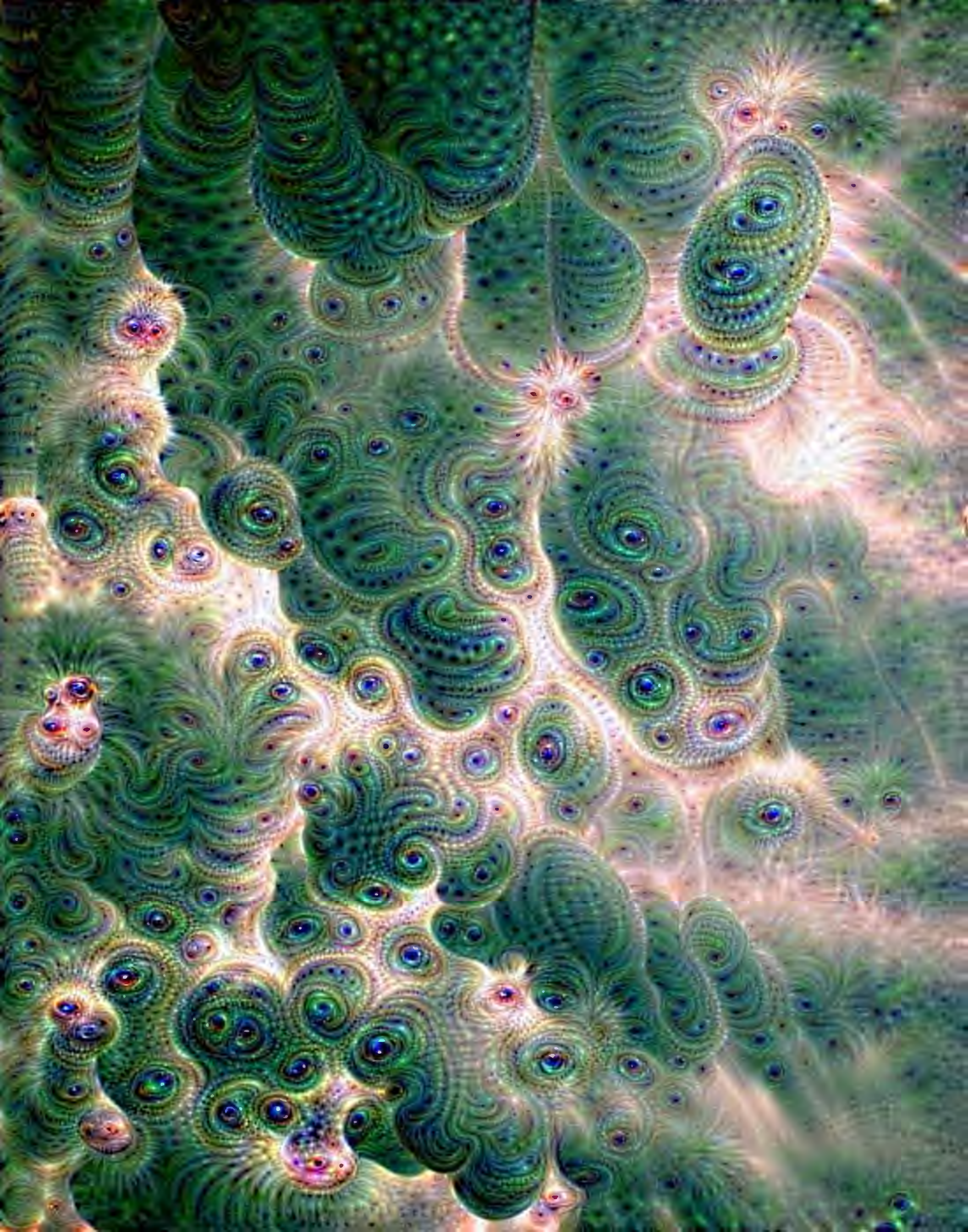


ROOSEVELT
IS A BIG
LOBSTER.
I SAY

SNAGEEGE EEE AW CAW
KUHRRRR SNAGEEGE EE
AW CAW KUHRRR SNAG
EEGE AW CAW KUHRRR
SNAG —









Dream Journal 10/19/2015

I was working on some sort of bound book project for a local restaurant. For some reason it had to have every page laminates and it had to be attached to this goofy painted wood dingbat with three legs. It was decorated in several bright colors of enamel paint. It took a lot of work to put this silly thing together, but I finally got it done.



Rob Chalfen helped me deliver it because he owned a huge car. I mean it was a normal car, but twice the size. He used a booster seat and huge blocks on the pedals to drive it.



We got to the restaurant and the guy didn't have the cash to pay but he said we could come in and eat and drink to our heart's content. We sit down and the place is crowded and debate if we should do it another time, but we are both ravenous and decide that if we don't eat right away we might die. They bring us sandwiches that are a pork chop on a bun with mustard and large tankards of ale. We quickly do away with these and order whiskey and we keep ordering whiskey.

We are soon laughing drunk and annoying the other diners and the guy I made the weird book for is giving us the stink eye, but there is nothing he can do about us, a deal's a deal after all.



A waitress comes around and asks if we want anything else and I want a piece of their famous Rosetta Stone Cake which is known the world over according to a sign on the wall. The Rosetta Stone Cake is strange because it is a sweet frosted cake of many layers some of which include vegetables and meat.



The waitress explains that they can't give away Rosetta Stone Cake for free because paying for it is part of the ceremony of the cake, but the guy who I did the job for says I can get the cake as long as I listen to them tell the secret story of the Rosetta Stone Cake.



I'm in no mood to hear a story and I decide it is time for us to leave. As we are leaving Rob says,

I kind of
wanted to
hear the
story about
the cake.

How good
could it have
been?
It's a story
about a *cake*.

In the parking lot there are kids racing around on strange contraptions made from shopping carts. I can't see how they are powered until one of them turns around near me and I see that there is a little kid pushing it while the others are having a good time up on top.

"That's the story of civilization right there." says Rob.

"Ok, let's go back and have some cake." I say.



It's laundry day and I have put my clothes into a machine and I realize I need change. I go over to the dollar changer and discover it has the red "out of service" light on.



I return to my machine where I find an old lady is tossing random objects into it on top of my clothes, only the objects are familiar to me. Pieces of my own artwork torn and broken, dirty dishes, broken

furniture, big pieces of meat. I howl at her and drive her off and call after her with the most vile invective I can think of. Things like "You are worthless and should be dead! Go kill yourself!" She is laughing as she runs off.

I try to salvage whatever I can of my damaged artwork, but it seems futile. I still need change so I go to another laundry a couple blocks away to use their change machine.



I arrive and discover that there is a line of people waiting to use the machine. The place is cluttered and filthy. I sigh and queue up and quickly feel a tap on my shoulder. I turn and discover that I have inadvertently jumped into the middle of the line rather than the end. I apologize and go to the back. There are like ten people ahead of me.



There is some sort of gambling game going on in the place. It is complicated,



involving cards, dice and little colored flags being moved about on a map of Mexico that has a caged rat in the middle of it. I briefly contemplate that I might be able to get quarters more quickly if I involve myself in the game, but I ultimately decide that I would lose because I have no idea how to play.



Finally I get my turn at the change machine. I put a ten dollar bill in the slot only to see it get immediately wadded up and stuck. I want to cry at the seeming injustice. I am just filled with mute, seething anger. I take out my pocket knife and dig out the balled up bill and pull out a fresh one, this time a single, to try again, but I see there is a blockage. I open the front of the bill slot and see that there are a couple of burrito wrappers crammed in there as if someone had tried to feed them in for change. I carefully clear them out while muttering about "slobs" and "retards". Finally the slot is clear and I feed in the one and get quarters. As I am flattening out the ten to get the rest of what I need, people in the line behind me are calling for me to hurry the fuck up because I have been there for ten minutes.



I turn to yell at them impatiently only to see that they are all inflatable Bozo the Clown punching toys.

Dream Journal 8/22/2015

I am being worked on by two female doctors. They have removed my tongue to examine it. It is in a tray partially dissected. I'm not worried as I am aware that they will restore it and put it back in me when they are done.



The doctors are having a discussion about a man that I suspect they are both romantically involved with. They are civil, but there is a strong emotional undercurrent.



I am becoming concerned that they may make an error.

Dream Journal 5/8/2015

It is 1976. I have answered an ad on Craig's list to collaborate on writing an opera.



It turns out that I'm going to be working with Elvis Presley.



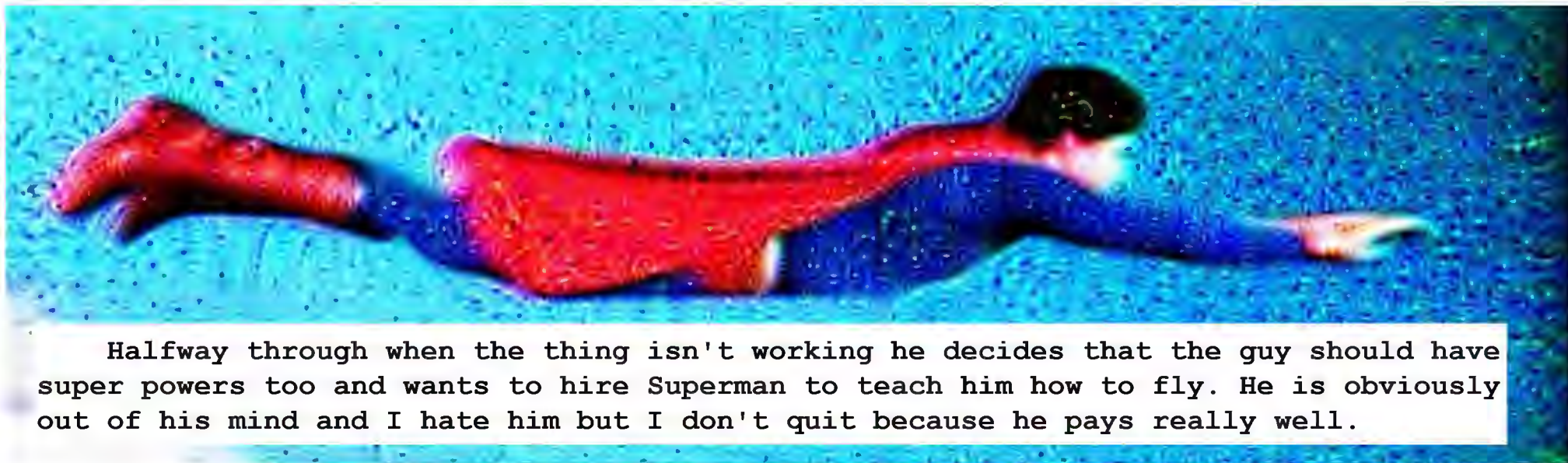
Elvis as absolute hell to work with. He is easily distracted. He is just plain out of it a lot of the time.



He says "It's about a spy, man. He's the American James Bond, but he's a rocker!"



He has this combination guitar/gun he is going to use in the show, but it's a real gun, not a prop and he is going to hurt someone or himself with it inevitably.



Halfway through when the thing isn't working he decides that the guy should have super powers too and wants to hire Superman to teach him how to fly. He is obviously out of his mind and I hate him but I don't quit because he pays really well.



Dream Journal 3/4/2015



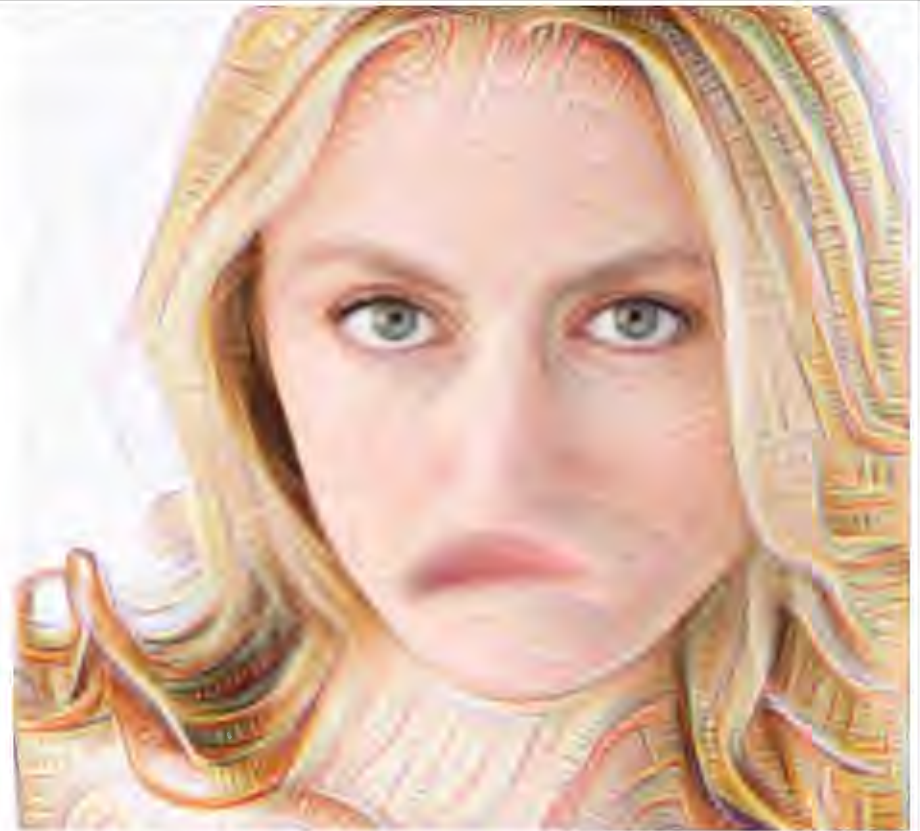
I live in a two storey house with three doors. There is a porch and a small front yard with yellowed, untended grass surrounded by a waist high chainlink fence. the gate is always open. there is a concrete path to the porch. In the yard there is a lawn chair and an old charcoal grill.

I have a bedroom on the second floor and I share my bed with a woman. She doesn't correspond to anyone in my waking life. She is my age, in good health and companionable. She has long, slightly frizzy dark hair that is going gray. We are happy together. She wears a sandwich board that is an electronic display. It shows her thoughts as text and I also watch the news on it. When it isn't displaying anything else it shows a glamour model's nude body as if it were hers.



It is the late days of summer and I have decided that I will return to high school when classes begin.

Beside the sandwich board woman, two other women live in the house. One of them is in her early thirties and may be our daughter.



The other is of undetermined relationship. She is blonde, in her forties and seems annoyed by most things. She is baffled by my decision to go to public school pointing out that I am 58 years old and haven't even attempted to register for classes. I assure her that if I just show up they will find a place for me.



Bill Clinton keeps showing up. He always looks like he is dressed for a golf game. I think that he and I are close friends. He tells me things that a person would tell friends. I also think my wife, the sandwich board woman, is his ex. It was never clear where Hillary fits into all of this or if she even exists. Whenever he shows up he has a cold sixpack of Coors with him and dinks one with me on the porch before we go in.

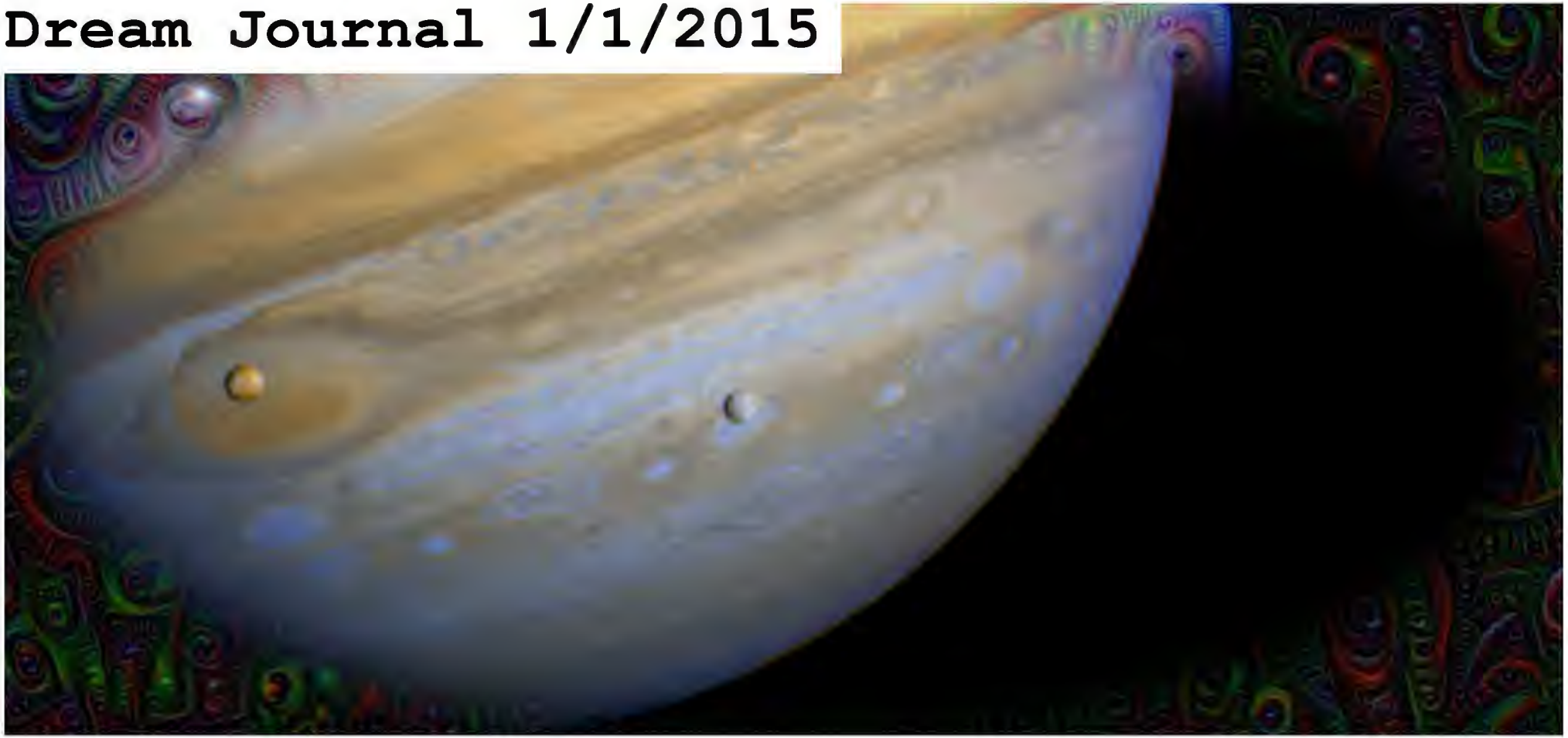
I go to the high school at two in the morning to get started. They are puzzled by me in a weird way as if I am some important historical person. I am given the impression that I do this a lot, just show up and try to register for classes. They send me away, but very politely, almost reverently and everyone wants to shake hands with me before I go. I wonder if there is something messed up with my brain and that maybe I was once someone very important but can't remember.



I wake up.



Dream Journal 1/1/2015



I am living on a research station floating high in the atmosphere of Jupiter.





I look out the window and see immense clouds that churn like a turbulent sea. The station is very homey and comfortable. It seems like a ski lodge. The place is manned by about 20 people but apparently most of the actual work is done by machines so we have a lot of time on our hands.





I have to take care of some cats who are back on Earth so I determine to take them to the station. I do it one by one. In the dream how I got back and forth to Earth was never shown. I went and I came back and it took some unspecified amount of time. In the dream I did it thrice returning with a different cat each time.

By the door where I entered the station was a shelf with candies and an odd little pot of water like a ladle with a flat bottom so it sat upright

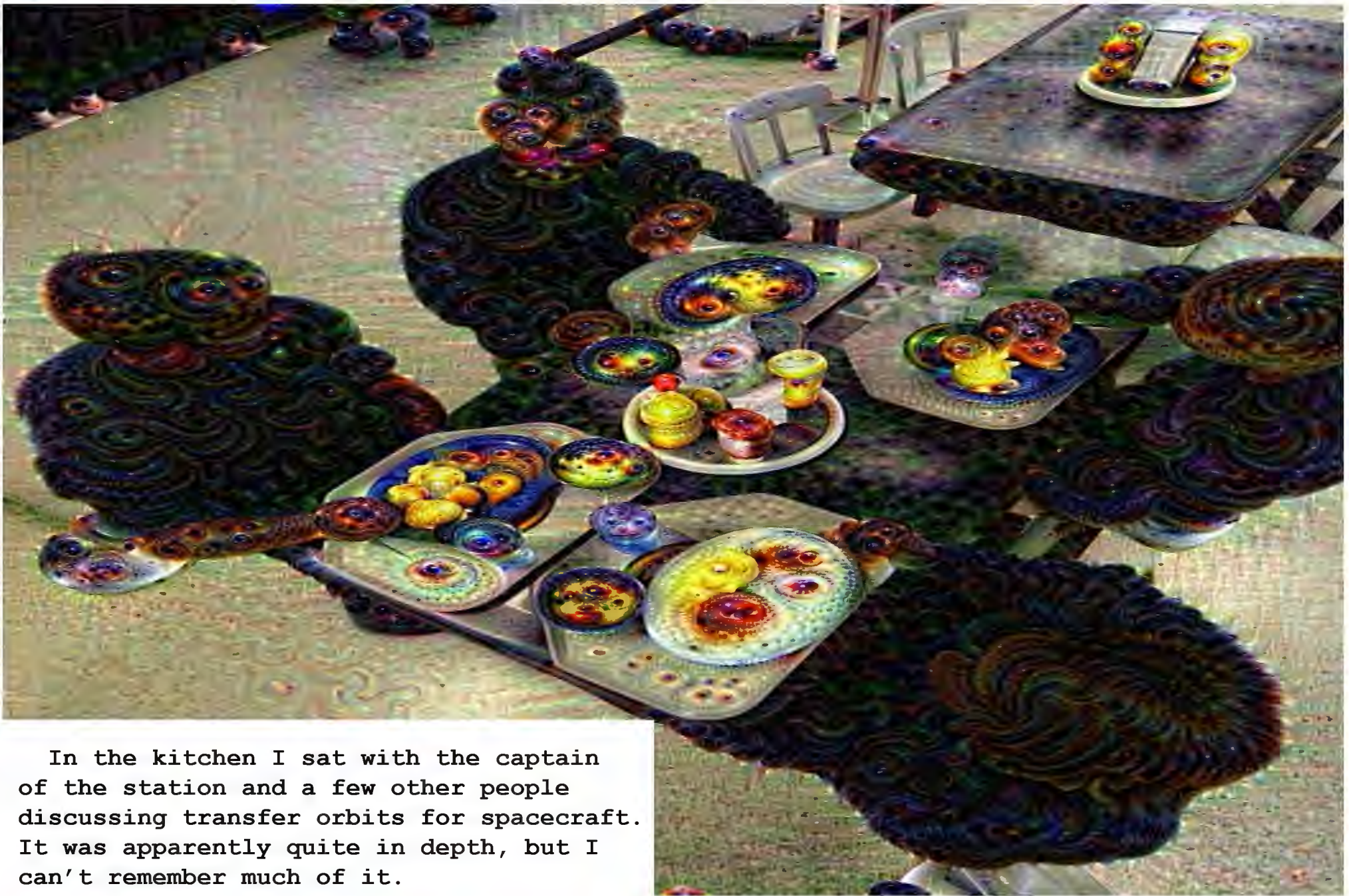


Whenever someone entered they were supposed to eat a piece of candy and take a sip from the pot. It was just a custom.



The cats did well at the station.





In the kitchen I sat with the captain of the station and a few other people discussing transfer orbits for spacecraft. It was apparently quite in depth, but I can't remember much of it.



I am floating in cool water in an artificial pool.

I awoke.







I was a hunter/gatherer type, naked with feathers and paint. I was about 18 years old and I was with my father who was of the same culture, whatever that was. We were both white. We both had spears. Father had a dead pheasant slung over his shoulder.

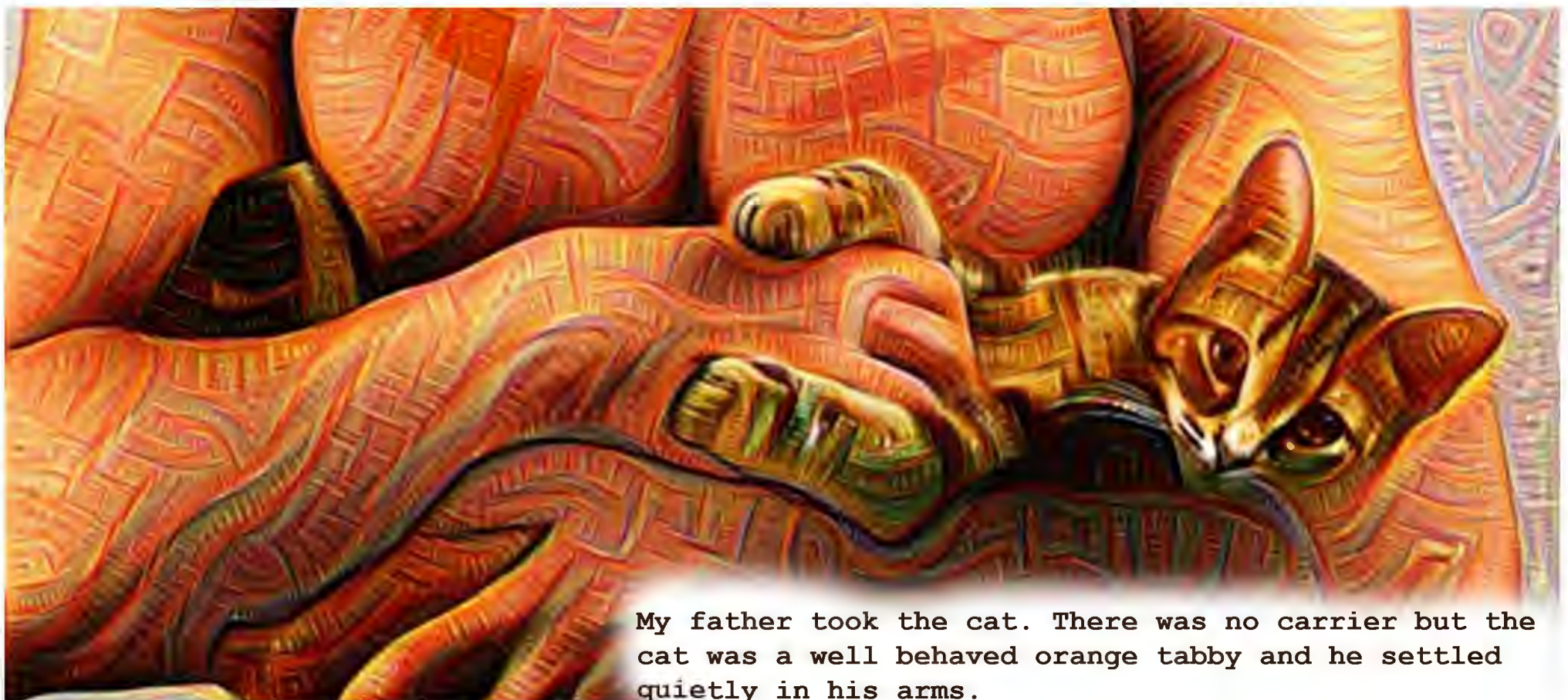
We were in a landscape that I interpreted to be Europe although there was no particular landmark to indicate that. We were catching a train to go to town.

The train was crowded. No one seemed a bit put off by the fact we were naked savages. Most of the people around us looked like they were dressed for Oktoberfest, lederhosen, Tyrolean hats and such. All of the women had stepped off a St. Pauli Girl label.





The town we got to had an English feel. It was old with a stone wall enclosing part of it. We went to a three story apartment building, a Boston style triple-decker with bay windows. We were there to get the cat from the woman on the second floor. She was an ex-girlfriend of mine. For some reason we were taking the cat across town for her.



My father took the cat. There was no carrier but the cat was a well behaved orange tabby and he settled quietly in his arms.



We had to run across a highway with cars zooming by. Just as we got past it, my father tripped and fell and the cat broke in half and the two halves ran off in different directions.

There was no blood, nor were they two distinct smaller cats but two fluffy balls with two cat legs each. We rounded them up and stuck them back together, but what we got wasn't a cat.

It was a collection of disorganized cat parts, still alive and seemed happy enough. It walked on a hind and a foreleg with the two other sticking up and had its tail coming out of its forehead now. My father was entertained and was playing with it, but I knew that the owner was going to be mad.



I woke up coughing from a dry throat.





Dream Journal 10/3/2015

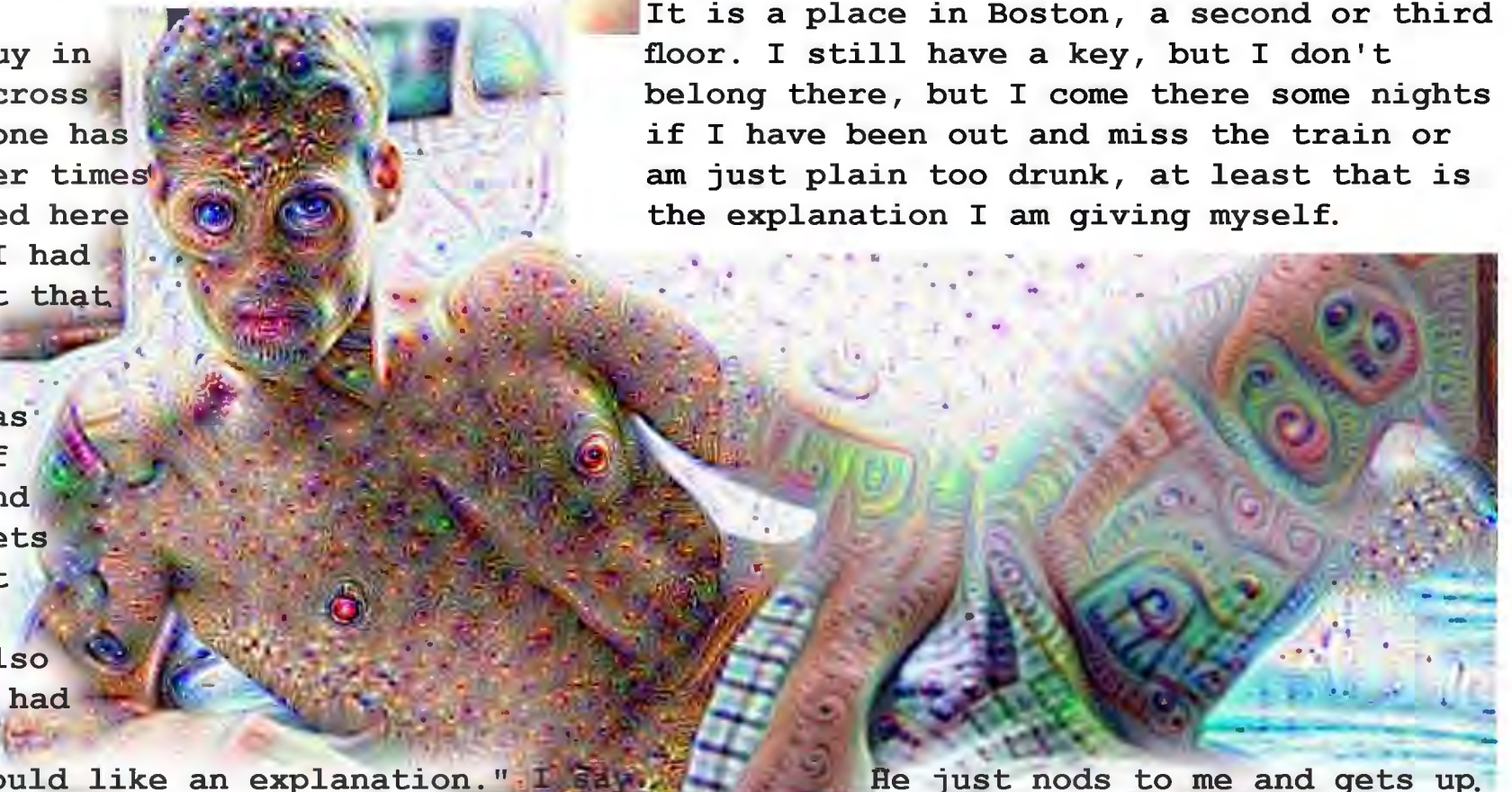


I'm in my old apartment but it is sort of half the place I work. I believe that I used to live there and there is a lot of my stuff around although some of it seems to have been vandalized. Collage constructions that I know I made, but some have been eviscerated I don't see why someone would have done this.

There is a guy in another bed across the room. No one has been home other times I have returned here to sleep and I had always thought that the place was infrequently used. There was still a lot of my stuff around like old jackets that I had not worn in years. The guy was also waking up and had seen me. "I

suppose you would like an explanation." I say.

I am waking up in bed in my old apartment, but it isn't my old apartment in Cambridge. It is a place in Boston, a second or third floor. I still have a key, but I don't belong there, but I come there some nights if I have been out and miss the train or am just plain too drunk, at least that is the explanation I am giving myself.



He just nods to me and gets up.



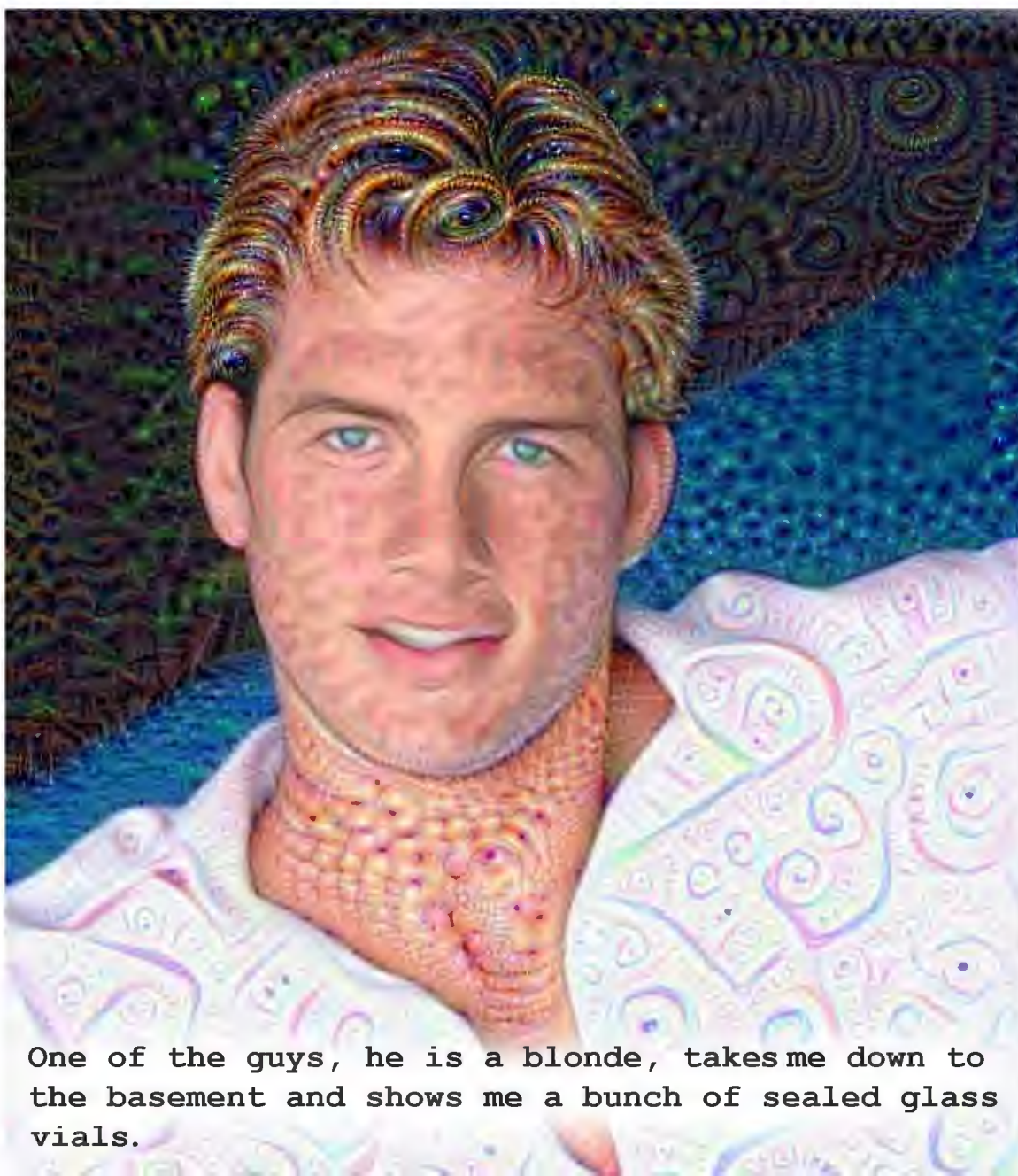
I realize that there are other people here, at least two women and two other guys. They are young pretty people.

While the guy is out of the room, I get up and find my clothes. At first I try to put on a jacket as a pair of pants, but I finally find the right stuff just as I hear people returning to the room. I dash into the bathroom and get dressed in there.



I emerge to find one of the women waiting to use the bathroom. All she is wearing is a towel wrapped around her waist. She is unconcerned that her breasts are exposed to a stranger. I let her go in.

No one seems particularly upset that I am there and they seem to be aware that I use the place. I am offered breakfast which is grilled cheese sandwiches with pancake syrup. I don't comment even though it seems quite eccentric.



One of the guys, he is a blonde, takes me down to the basement and shows me a bunch of sealed glass vials.

They look like vacuum tubes except that they are filled with water (I assume it is water) and a curly mass of what looks a bit like silver wire. I understand that the vials are intended to be broken open and the contents consumed in some way. It is some sort of fad health food thing maybe. Each vial has something written on it in white grease pencil usually one word and they are hard to read



One says "salt" another "bearing" another "dark" etc. There doesn't seem to be any clue as to their actual purpose, but to this guy they are very significant.

He wants to sell me some of them and quotes me what seems to be a high price. I decline and he looks at me like I am just some poor lost soul who doesn't get it.

Later I am upstairs talking to the two Women. The one from before is now fully dressed and the other is in her underwear. They have found my portfolio book which is here for some reason and are paging through it



Did you do this?" One of them asks".
"Yes I did. Do you like it?"



"Take a few. " she says. She holds out an open paper bag. There are some of the vials in the bag.



"Could you do something like this for me?"
"Probably. Here is my card."
I give her my card.

I take one out and try to read the word on it.



I am struggling to make it out as I wake up.





This is the tale of

TWO MOONS DREAMING



When the world was a fresh new place, only one tribe walked the Earth. They were the ancestors of all people of all tribes and nations and it was they who discovered all the ways of man.

To a woman named Lomi was born a man child who was fast asleep. He neither moved nor cried but only slept peacefully for two complete passages of the moon. On the first day of the third month he woke and cried so loudly that the Earth shook. Lomi named him Two Moons Dreaming.

He grew up to be a very powerful shaman. Two Moons Dreaming knew all of the spirits and all of their ways. He could call the spirit of rain when



crops grew dry and he could call the spirit of the

wind when the days grew hot. His wisdom was great and deep and he instructed the children in the ways of the world and the tricks of the spirits.



The Moon was the protector of Two Moons Dreaming and he was her voice in the world. She came to him and lamented that she had born no children. She asked Two Moons Dreaming to help her become the wife of the Sun.

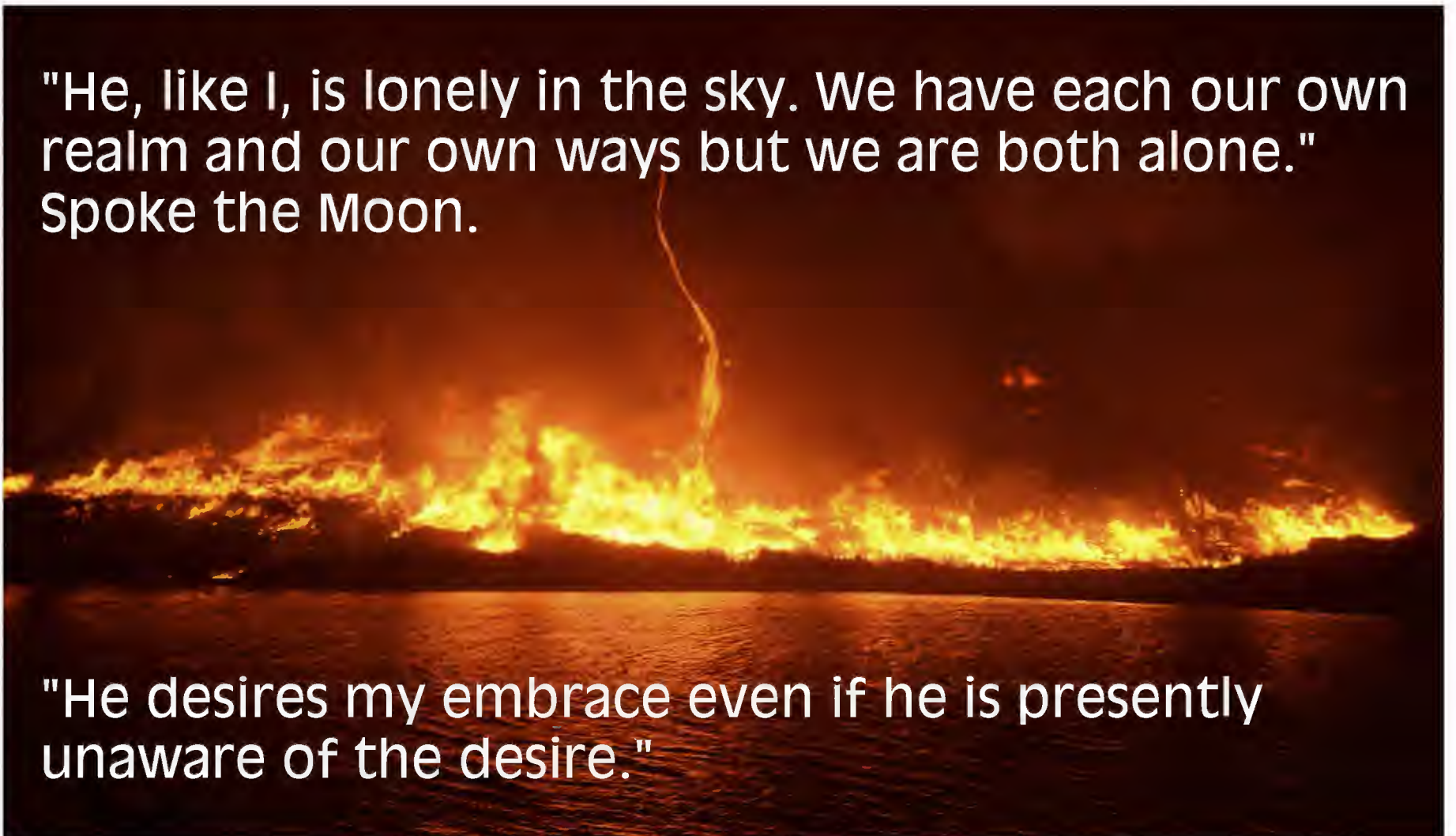
In those days the Sun was a wild spirit who moved about the sky without predictable time. He would come and walk the Earth and the mountains and forests would burst into flames. He lived in the great house in the sky where he fed the fire of heaven with wood that he took from the forests of the east each morning.

Two Moons Dreaming told the Moon that the Sun would have no woman to tell him when to hunt and when to chop wood.



"He, like I, is lonely in the sky. We have each our own realm and our own ways but we are both alone."
Spoke the Moon.

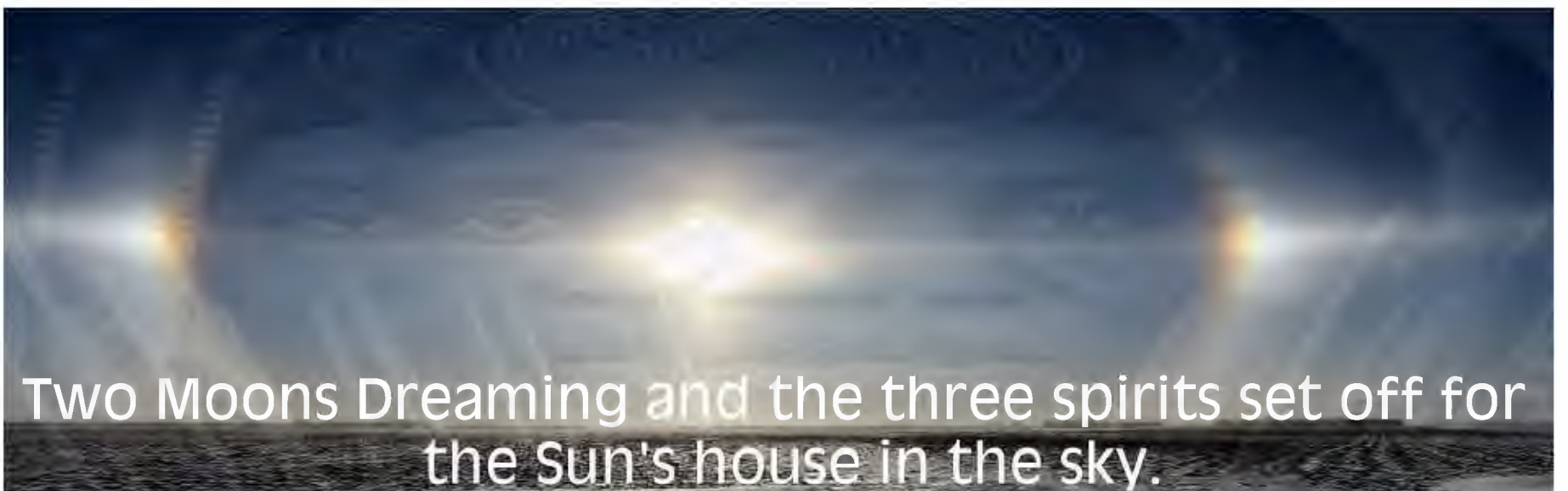
"He desires my embrace even if he is presently unaware of the desire."



The Moon gave to Two Moons Dreaming three spirits to assist him. They were the wise and wily Rabbit-Bird, the sizeless Dancing Ghost and the Rock Shadow who lived in the dark places of the world. The Rabbit bird knew where



the Sun's most favored hunting ground was, the Dancing ghost knew where the Sun made his camp each night and the Rock Shadow knew the Sun's most secret desire.



Two Moons Dreaming and the three spirits set off for the Sun's house in the sky.



They found the door of the Sun's house guarded by two golden bears who growled fiercely and took swipes with their great claws at Two Moons Dreaming. But Two Moons Dreaming knew the ways of all the beasts and he whispered to the bears. He told them of the salmon who leapt from the mountain waters of the west and how they would never go hungry on the scraps from the Sun's table if they were to go there to fish. Upon hearing that, the bears left their place at the Sun's door and went to the western mountains to fish.



Two Moons Dreaming entered the house of the Sun.



The sun was by his fire surrounded by his many faithful hounds. Two Moons Dreaming came to him and said to him, "The beautiful lady, the Moon wants to feel your embrace and to bear you sons and daughters."

The Sun leapt up and his hounds bayed and barked. "She seeks to make of me a woman myself", he raged, "she wants to control when I hunt and when I rest!"



"You are the Lord of the great house of the sky", said Two Moons Dreaming, "but no man is the true head of a household without a wife to make the meals and watch the fire. You cannot hunt enough because you must always feed the fire. Because no woman minds

your house you know not the hour to rise or the hour to sleep. You are filled with disquiet because you feel not a woman's soft touch."



The Sun danced and raged about the great hall of his house. The dogs chased and barked.

He turned upon Two Moons Dreaming and said, "I shall make a bargain with you, we shall play a game and if you win, I will become the husband of your lady." Two Moons Dreaming agreed and the Sun said to him, "You must answer three questions. If you are a truly great shaman you will know the answers."

The sun asked "Where is my most favored hunting ground?"

The Rabbit-Bird fluttered about the head of Two Moons Dreaming and chattered in his secret tongue.

Two Moons Dreaming said "You hunt in the northern mountains of the land of smoke."

The Sun was amazed and screamed in rage and danced about the hall in frustration.

Again he asked Two Moons Dreaming a question. "Where do I make my camp each night?"



The Dancing Ghost danced in a circle around Two Moons Dreaming and told him with his dance the Sun's second secret.

"You camp in the western lands beyond the great sea."

The Sun cried out and danced about the hall as the Dancing Ghost danced with him in mockery.

"Two Moons Dreaming", spoke the Sun, "you shall not know the answer to my final question. Tell me, shaman, what is my most secret desire?"



The Rock Shadow crept through the cracks in the stones of the great house. With creaks and groans it told Two Moons Dreaming what he needed to

know.

"Your most secret desire is to lie with the Moon and put a child in her."

The Sun started to cry out that Two Moons Dreaming was wrong when it came to him that he had spoken the truth. He spoke now quietly to Two Moons Dreaming. "Bring the lady Moon into my house to sit before my fire."

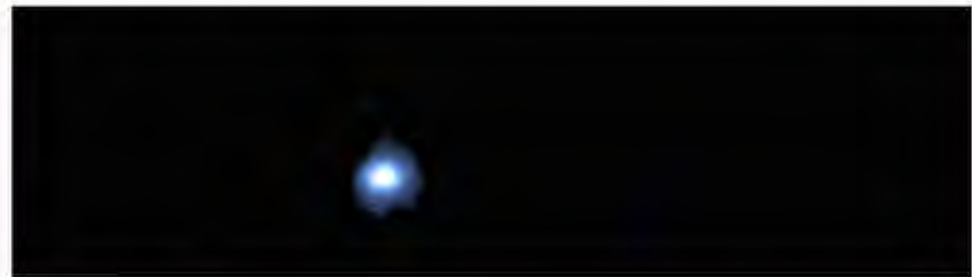




And so Two Moons Dreaming
Brought the Moon into the
great house of the sky. Men
upon the Earth saw the
Moon come to cover the Sun
in the day and bring darkness



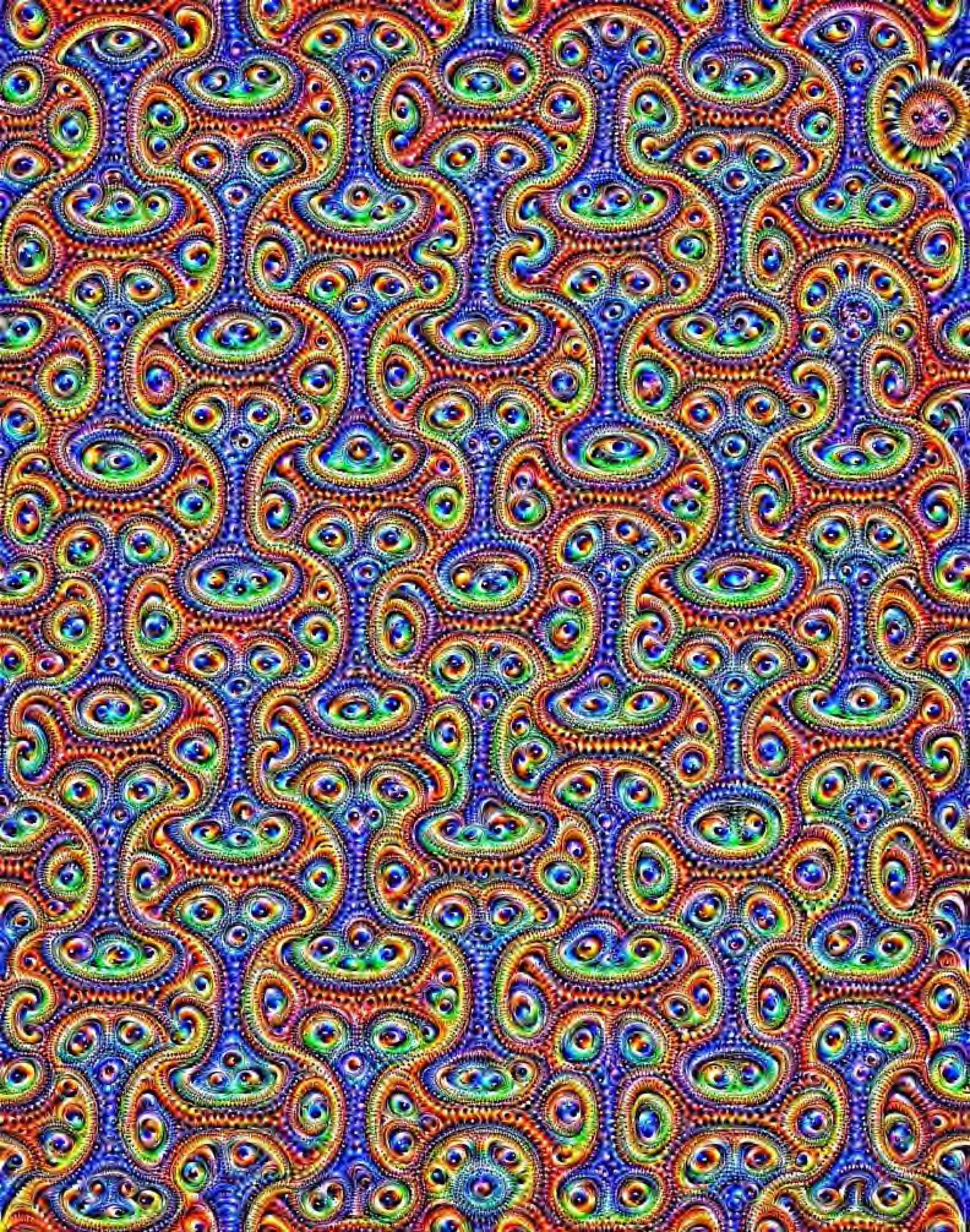
on the land and in the
darkness was born a new
light, tiny and twinkling.



After this day the Sun would come and go with regularity
and his house was kept well. Sometimes the Moon would visit
her husband and cover him in the day and each time she
would bear a new light. These lights, the stars, are the eggs
of the Moon and will bring forth her children on the last day
of the world.









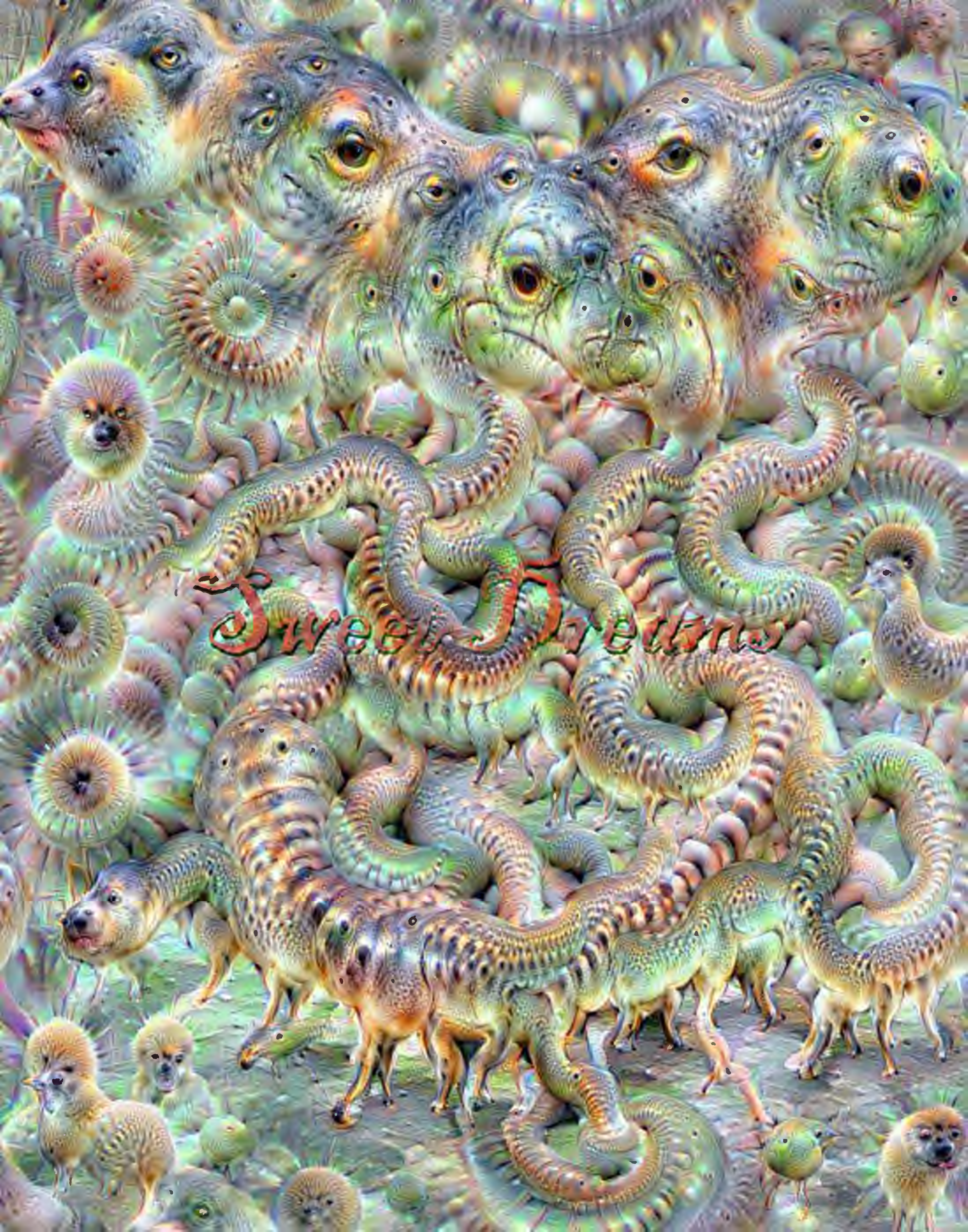












Sweet Dreams